

WAR CRY

THE
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year, No. 37.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

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EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Comptroller.

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"THE SOLDIER'S FIRST DUTY."

(See article on page 4)

Territorial Secretary

TOURING

IN THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

Marvelous Times—Fifty Souls Seeking God at the Mercy Seat—The Lieut.-Colonel a Composer as Well as a Singer—Glorious Wind-up at St. John I.

By BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

Fredericton.

I met Lieut.-Colonel Margette at Fredericton. Adjt. McLean had arranged a reception meeting at which the Provincial Officer read an address. The Colonel sang in solo of his own composition, entitled, "The Fountain," after which he threw his whole soul into the meeting, which resulted in seven souls to the Mercy Seat, seeking the blessing of God's beautiful full salvation.

Wednesday night we had a rattling march. The subject of the meeting was "Excuses," and the Colonel pitched in right and left. This meeting closed with two seeking God for pardon of their sins.

We were pleased to note the barracks had been beautifully polished inside, which reflects great credit upon the officers and soldiers. God bless Fredericton.

St. John I.

We had a good open-air meeting at the head of King St., and a beautiful crowd inside; the meeting was noted for its freedom and order. The congregation gave the Colonel a tremendous ovation, and the P. O. read an address of welcome. The Colonel sang one of his favorite songs, "I cannot leave the dear old land," and sought prayer meeting brought forth souls to Jesus' feet.

Carleton.

A nice congregation gathered at Carleton on the following evening. Staff-Captain Taylor was introduced at the outset as the new Chancellor, after which the Colonel received a hearty welcome. We had a magnificent wind-up, with six souls at the Mercy Seat. God came down and manifested His power. We tolled unceasingly the last moment, and had to run to catch the ferry boat to bring us back to the city. Carleton, which has been hard and barren for some time in the soul-saving line, is having a revival. Quite a number of souls have been saved recently.

St. John II.

Here we spent Saturday night. It was a very hard wet night, nevertheless we had a swinging march. Uncle Ben, one of our old soldiers, was in evidence, and quite a few people gathered together in the barracks, the majority of the audience being blackbirds. Here, again, the Lieutenant-Colonel sang, "I cannot leave the dear old land," which was very applicable. Cheers and again came to the help. The joy of securing two precious souls came to Jesus.

St. John III.

At No. III. we had a wonderful Sunday. The elements were against us—a down-pour of rain took place all day—yet we had magnificent crowds. The meeting was noted for the number of people standing. It was a day of rich blessing, one of the old-fashioned, pentecostal times; in fact, it was the Anniversary of Pentecost, and God, the Holy Ghost, came and dwelt in us. We scored 25 souls for cleansing and pardon. It was nearly midnight when we landed back at Provincial Headquarters. The wind-up meeting of the Colonel's in the city took place at

St. John I.

All the corps united. It was a glorious time. In the open-air a crowd gathered round as we sang on our knees, "Oh, why wilt thou die, sinner, why?" The hall was nearly filled. The Colonel labored hard, God blessed him, and four sought the blessing of full salvation, bringing the number up to fifty souls for the week. The Lieut.-Colonel sang a song for Newfoundland, while your humble servant is tolling on at Provincial Headquarters.

My Journal.

BY THE GENERAL.

I start off by confessing that my Journal has been sadly neglected, and consequently can only consist of a few rough jottings, which will not last long, since I wrote last. I have, it is true, some good excuses, but they will be of little interest to my readers. What they naturally want is interesting readings, and not a few tame reasons for not furnishing it. But in all seriousness, the hot weather, the rolling of the steamer, the rush of the campaign, and a relapse of the Adelaide trouble, have hindered me discharging what is really the agreeable task of communicating with my dear comrades up and down the world, in this simple fashion.

—X—

Monday, April 13th.

We left New Zealand for the Australian continent, which is some 1,200 miles away, in the S. S. Westralia, an excellent steamer, with a crowd of passengers, amongst whom was Andy Rutherford, the wife of His Excellency the Governor of New Zealand, together with a most genial Captain, full of sympathy for our welfare, who hails from the town of Derby, in Old Country, and who, like the commander of our last vessel, is an out-and-out abstainer, never having tasted an intoxicant in his life.

—X— Friday, 17th.

It has been a tedious and trying four days' passage to me, although Father Neptune has behaved himself very creditably, and everything possible has been done by my comrades to promote my comfort. I have been very poorly, a depressing sense of weariness being on me night and day, blinding sleep and making work all but impossible.

At five p. m. the New South Wales coast, whither we are bound, came in sight, and with much satisfaction we steamed through the Heads into the beautiful harbor of Sydney, where, directly afterwards the government steam yacht, kindly lent for the occasion, took us off to Manly, and about 8 o'clock we reached the Home of Rest, which was exactly the place I needed.

—X—

BEAUTIFUL MANLY.

Saturday, 18th.

Manly, my readers must know, is a small town, but a growing pleasure resort, situated in a lovely corner of the bay, some twelve miles distant from the rich and thriving city of Sydney. About three miles from this township we have a quiet estate, fit for beauty of situation, and wealth of promise in usefulness, it is difficult to imagine, and still more difficult to surpass in all our remarkable Social operations, in this part of the world. It has been described in the War Cry before.

It consists of 1,200 acres, flanked by beautifully-wooded hills, running along the coast of the ocean for three or four miles. Amongst the land in the foreground are a number of swamps, which, when well cleared, will grow almost anything that can be desired, suitable for the use of the beach, or for a large lake, called a lagoon, because, while consisting of fresh water, it has a connection with the sea. This place of water abounds in fish, and is the home of the black swan, besides other native birds.

By the report of the experts, there is on the estate a mountain of rich iron ore, and an inexhaustible deposit of the best clay for terra-cotta, tiles, bricks, and suitable purposes in the colony. The latter properties may not be of much immediate service to us in our reclamation work, but there is no doubt as to how good he would be with the land when got into workable condition. Of that there is unguishable evidence before my eyes in the splendid crops that for years, on the land that had already been got under cultivation.

The whole estate was given to the Army some years ago, on our payment of an annuity, by an aged sailor who had the desire that her property should be turned to good account, after her death, and who thought that the Army

was the most likely agency for carrying out her wishes. Commissioner Coombs at once commenced operations, but the house in which I spent the night, while the Commandant has, with energy and ability, pushed forward the improvements and extensions that I inspected. The change is not a slight one, since my last visit is truly remarkable. I should say that at present the place is utilized for furnishing employment for the out-work men of our Sydney Shelter.

AT SYDNEY.

At 5 p.m. we left for Sydney. A reception and march followed. At 7:35, soldiers' meeting in the Centenary Hall. There must have been 1,800 or 2,000 present, and a more enthusiastic, promising body of soldiers I has seldom seen my delight to address. Still, physically and mentally, and in every way, I was under the mark.

—X— Sunday, 19th.

I was on the platform of the Town Hall by 11 o'clock, and the magnitude of the seven meetings I had to go through in it came before me with such vividness that I don't know that, should the two days, which I did in the Melbourne Exhibition seven years ago, I ever shrink as much from the physical strain involved in the task before me in my life. However, I had the promise, "At 10 days, so shall thy strength be," and I went forward. The Sydney Town Hall has a fame quite its own, reaching far beyond the bounds of the city, and well beyond the ears of the chief architect. The building, taken as a whole, is a massive structure, a little overdone, I should say, with ornament, both outside and in, but nothing can detract from the effect of its splendid boldness, and when the great hall is crowded, as it was our lot to have it again and again, it presents one of the most imposing sights of its kind to be found in any town or city of the world.

I talked with much diffidence to myself in the morning, but my comrades did not see it. In the afternoon a great building was worked, and at night hundreds—some say thousands—were turned away. It was a mighty day. I don't think the results can be estimated by the 100,000 people who were present. I may be mistaken, but my own impression is that everybody in the building was more or less convicted of the truth of what was spoken, if not satisfied that they ought, once to take the course recommended.

—X—

Monday, 20th.

Commenced rather gloomily, in the early hours of the morning, with a relapse of the same trouble from which I have suffered for some time. The three meetings in the town stared me in the face. What was to be done? Then, it was my birthday, and although its celebration had been postponed till the following night, I still wanted something to happen that would in some degree meet the expectations with which the day was so widely regarded. The evening was again good to me, and as 11 o'clock approached I was sufficiently better to travel to the hall, and by little mercy I got through the three engagements. The evening was remarkable, and at the close we rejoiced with joy unexpressed.

Taking the actual Sydney campaign, it showed 370 at the penitential form, of whom about 250 were for salvation.

—X—

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

Tuesday, 11th.

Morning, officers' meeting, and at night the celebration of my birthday. A description of the latter event I must refer my readers to the Cry. I have only time to say it was a glorious gathering. The Lieutenant-Governor of the colony, Sir Frederick Darley, president of my donor, and my commandant, read a very affecting, and I might say remarkable, address, and a number of congratulatory mes-

sages from all parts of the colony and different parts of the world. I did the best I could to lead the audience for over an hour. A vote of thanks was moved by the Hon. G. H. Reid, the Premier, and seconded by Sir George Dibbs, the ex-Premier of the colony, in complimentary words, far beyond any deserving of mine. However, I have reason to believe that impressions for God and eternity were made on hundreds, if not thousands, of hearts that night, and that is the main object of my life.

—X—

Wednesday, 12th.

At 10 a.m., officers' meeting. The officers here impress me, in our respect at least, much as they do wherever I come, and that is, they are willing and capable, requiring more confidence in themselves, and more desperate energy in pushing me far forward. Oh, I tell, as I looked over the 300 officers in the Masonic Hall that day, if they could but be brought into the full freedom and determination of the soldiers, the world would shake not only New South Wales, but the whole of Australia. I think they made a step or two forward in this direction.

The Minister was so pressing at the close of the previous night's meeting that I should spend an hour or so with him at the Treasury to-day, that I could not refuse, although I had to miss three officers' meetings, none of which I was willing to relinquish. Accordingly, at 1 o'clock, accompanied by the Commandant and Commissioner of the Sydney Harbour, I went to luncheon. With the exception of Sir George Dibbs and the American Consul, the party was confined to the Ministers, of whom the whole of the staff, and the whole of the Minister, and, I hope, a profitable conversation, respecting the work of the Army in its bearing upon the responsibilities of governments with respect to the soldiers, and the whole of the close I spoke on the subject. Again assurances were given as to the willingness of the Government to render our Social operations all the assistance in their power. The enthusiasm of the night before, and the respect shown me on this occasion, as a high tribute not only to the Social Work of the Army round the world in general, but to that in Australia in particular.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

My quarters, for convenience' sake, are in the People's Palace. This building was erected for a hotel a few years ago, at a cost of some £30,000. Unfortunately for the proprietors, it proved a failure, lying comparatively unused a large time. Six months ago it was rented by the Commandant, and turned into a monster shelter and People's Hotel, and has so far proved a complete success. Each has a couple of every night, as many as 520 sleeping in the place.

During the recent Congress it has been of immense service to the soldiers who have come in from the country for the meetings. They have been lighted to be so conveniently and economically lodged together with comrades from all parts of the colony. They have thus not only had a home in the meetings, but out of them. As I have looked at the great structure, towering above the surrounding buildings, and have gone in and out with the dear old uniform, I did not wonder to have, as though we were gradually coming nearer the usage of the Jewish people, who, in the ancient times, usually went up to Jerusalem to unite together in the worship of God.

South African Incident.

The penetrating power of the South African War Cry goes further and deeper than most people, even Salvationists, imagine. Just look at its last achievement in the Enquiry Department. We are asked to find Mr. So-and-So, "seventy years old, woe-lame, last heard of fifteen years ago." We have considered a tall order, not knowing on what day of the advertisement, March 25th, and on the 11th of April we are forwarding his address to England. He is out of the Colony, but the War Cry has a friend, who promptly points it on to the wanted man, who communicates with us, and there you are!

The General's Birthday Celebration.

PREMIER REID'S EULOGY OF THE GENERAL

A Magnificent Affair.



HE clock has struck twenty-four to-night. That meeting can't be beaten!" Such was the comment of no less an authority than Colonel Lawley, whose absolute familiarity with colossal crowds makes him no mean judge. We are inclined to agree with him, and so will thank everyone of the colossal crowd which wedged itself into every inch of available space in that prince of public buildings—the Sydney Town Hall. It was a magnificent triumph and one of the most overwhelming tributes to the life-work and person of our beloved General that it is possible to gather in any earthly assemblage. If ever we felt proud of the General, it was when he stood forth before that cheering, enthusiastic crowd of nearly 5,000 persons, the object of as much love and reverence as any man who ever stood inside these walls.

By his side stood three gentlemen who represent in themselves all that is highest in the political, judicial and civil life of the community. We refer to the Premier, the Hon. G. H. Reid, Sir Frederick Darley, Chief Justice and Acting-Governor, and His Worship the Mayor of Sydney, with whom was the Lady Mayoresse. There were also present a whole host of guests, each representing all that is best in the complex life of the great city; in fact, it was hard to say who was not present. It was certainly the most representative gathering the Army has ever had in the colonies.

The huge crowd, it may be added, had all paid for admission, and quite one-half had purchased reserved seat tickets. The building was packed full one hour before the commencement of the meeting, and when the stately figure of Sir Frederick Darley was seen, in company with the General and his numerous waiting in such a terrible outburst of cheering, which lasted some minutes.

The Commandant's Address.

The Commandant then read a congratulatory address, embodying the good love and wishes of the Australasian officers and soldiery, and from which we quote the following extracts:

"Beloved and Honored General,—How happy are we—your Australasian officers and troops—at being favoured with the opportunity of meeting you on this occasion of your seventieth birthday. And how eagerly and wholeheartedly we wish you many happy returns of the memorable day in which God sent you to minister to the suffering sons and daughters of the world. No words from us, dear General, are needed to assure you of our affectionate admiration, yet we think you must be aware that the sentiments of true followers did we allow such an occasion to pass without some expression of our hearts' truest feelings, or without a re-pledging of our faith and our devotion to you, dear General, upon your beloved form, still so vigorous beneath its weight of years—as we glance upon your fatherly face, the mere picture of the life of the fathers transpiring upon it by a lifetime of endeavour—as our eyes rest upon the devoted head whose hairs have turned silver in the service of mankind—and as we listen to the voice which, although untried for fifty years, has lost none of its power to inspire—we are sure that heaven, and earth, and even hell will understand something of the God-like pride we feel concerning you, our noblest and our courageous!! our only General!!!"

"On such an occasion as this we feel it our privilege and duty to speak for a larger company than the happy troops who follow your lead under the Southern Cross. Your seventieth birthday is an event of world-wide interest.

"From the remotest parts of the earth hearts turn towards you to-day in loving salutation. From the frozen

north, where your fur-clad warriors tell the story of the Cross to the diggers of the Klondike. From the sons of the sea, who paint the colors to the wind and the waves of the ice-bound fleets of Lapland and Labrador; from your dusky warriors, who, beneath the burning sun of the tropics, preach Christ to the great heathen nations of the world; from the loyal legion which march through every town and city of the old land we love to call our home; from the enterprising and ever-increasing hosts who fight in your bidding beneath the stars and stripes of the United States; from the sturdy sons and daughters of the Canadian Dominion, who have so proved their fidelity to your person and your principles from the rising of the sun to delight to honor your name in the fatherland of the German Empire; from the young converts wrested from idolatry in the proud Republic of beautiful France; from your singing battalions in fair Switzerland, who fill the Alpine gorges with the echoes of their song; and from the whole-souled regiments of Scotland, where your name is revered from the sun to the throne. From all these, and from many more besides, there comes a birthday tribute of praise to God for the purpose of your heart, the sign of your spirit, the consecration of your talents, the magnificent results of your toil in the service of God and man.

"Beloved General, the best blessings of a good and happy life are the prayers of a spiritual empire ascending to God for the continuance of your life and labor. And now what can we do better to commemorate this, your birthday, than to obey your own selves as obedient soldiers, to still further follow you in the fulfillment of those great purposes upon which you have set your soul. Take then, dear General, the blessing of God, and the things of earthly substance, which we do not possess, but the living hearts and hands which, for Christ's service, we now offer you. They are yours, to be used, to be obeyed, to be won through the dark hours of conflict, which are certain to be your lot in the remaining days of your pilgrimage on earth, let the remembrance of these generous and truest friends, their devotion, their unfeigned affection, their utmost support cheer your spirit, till we meet on the eternal shore to share the everlasting rewards of the victors. Let us pray that God will win through the Blood of the Lamb."

The Commandant then commenced to read selected messages from a pile of letters and cables received from men in every part of the world, including those from Premiers Reid and Seddon, the Governor of Victoria, and many other gentlemen high in the estimation of their fellow-countrymen. Every message was cheered, but more especially those of Premiers Reid and Seddon and Lord Brassey.

When at last the Commandant's pleasant duty was ended, and the General's tall, commanding form was seen, the vast crowd almost leaped from their seats. The cheering was deafening—"frantic," the Telegraph called it. Perhaps the frantic part of it was our own, and our representatives present, who nearly filled three tables themselves! When the cheering subsided, the glorious old veteran, who was powerfully moved by this marvelous outburst of affection, began a speech which was a masterpiece of oratory. The General excelled himself, and moved his hearers to tears or to laughter at will, even some of the very stiffest men near him being moved to tears.

The General's Speech.

The General asked what he could say in response to the sentiments expressed and the sympathy accorded, and so heartily endorsed by the great assembly. He could only repeat what he had often said before, that it was all undeserved, and humbled him to the dust, and made it difficult for him to speak of the things to which reference was made. And yet he thought that the results of a man's life could not be encouraging to

him in the dark moments, and prove a stimulus to further effort. (Applause.) He took the generous expressions of sympathy as intended not so much for himself personally as for the work and the workers associated with him. Viewed from that standpoint he would not be considered boastful if he said they deserved what had been said. (Applause.) The Salvation Army deserved well of the people among whom its flag had been unfurled. He asked his audience to judge them. They were willing to be judged—they had not shrunk from the closest investigation—but he asked that they might be judged according to the work they had done, and not by that chaugeful judge—public opinion. (Applause.) By the grace of God the Salvation Army has been able to climb up and occupy one of the highest places in the realm of Christian philanthropy. The Salvationists believed in themselves. They believed in their leaders and in their General. The Army was sound on the old faith. (Applause.) They were not "free thinkers"—and he saw no signs of their doing so. Salvationists believed in the Great White Throne, in the unending joys of heaven, and the pains of hell. They did not for a moment consider the ground of their orthodoxy. Some of the biggest scoundrels had been as orthodox as the devil himself. (Laughter.) In short, he asked them to judge the Army by the results of their work for poor, fallen humanity. He was not trying to set forth that the Salvation Army was a perfect organization, or a success in every part. That would be impossible. He was viewing their operations as a whole, he thought they had moved forward successfully. (Applause.)

The General concluded by appealing all present to a consecration of their lives to the saving of mankind.

The Premier's Address.

The Premier, Mr. G. H. Reid, who had entered the building amidst much cheering during the early part of the General's speech, was now called upon by Sir F. Darley to move a vote of thanks to the General. When the right hon. gentleman rose to do so, he was loudly cheered. He said that among the privileges of the high office he held he valued none more than the honor that had been conferred upon him by the request that he should move a vote of thanks to General Booth for his magnificent address. He was glad to see in the chair a man who had filled, and at present filled, the two big offices of Premier and Minister, with unsurpassed nobility of character and purpose. He saw many influential ladies and gentlemen around him, and he was sure they never had a better reason for assembling than that which actuated them in that meeting to honor the Grand Old Man who had addressed them. (Loud applause.) It almost passed belief that one who was celebrating that night his seventieth birthday should have been gifted with strength enough of brain and strength enough of body to go through the marvelous ordeal which he was going through at this moment of address in that hall. Who could help feeling, as he appreciated the burning devotion which had animated that illustrious heart, that intervals of rest, glorious as the rising sun might be, there was no more glorious sunshine in the world than that which rested upon his honored head. (Loud cheering.) He thought that intervals of rest were privileged to hear men of eminence lecture upon various great schemes—he had heard men of great ability describe all the glorious teaching of the scriptures of the Bible, and that he had seen before him a man who wielded an enormous power over thousands and tens of thousands in all the countries of the world, who had not come to this position by the use of force, yet who, as the head of that Army that stretches its hands over all the countries of the world, was a most wonderful monument of human energy and genius and human usefulness, which, while grasping like a plant at the impulses which made for the higher growth of humanity, had never brought upon mankind a single deed of wrong, a single act of oppression, or a single tear of suffering. (Applause.)

In that great movement which General Booth had started, they saw one of the brightest developments of modern life, which, after all, derived its greatest glory from the fact that it was bringing humanity into the grand primal cause of all human love, of all human charity. The people of all nations owed a profound debt to this man and to those who were associated with him. And it was works that he had brought into their great Army the better part of humanity, noble and unselfish women. (Loud applause.) Humanity would be elevated when men and women joined in such a heart to heart, worked together on terms of perfect equality. They all hoped the General would live long and prosper. They all hoped that when he was gone his great work would still be carried on by those he left behind him. They all felt this, that when the old warrior had laid down his noble battle, when he ceased to be a warrior, he would have done more for his species, more for the elevation of mankind in all the countries, than many who were prouder titles. (Great cheering.)

The veteran ex-Premier, Sir Geo. Dibbs, was called upon to second the motion. When he rose amidst hearty cheering to do so, it was with the thought that the great old man would be wonderfully influenced by the General's great speech. He said he was pleased to do honor to the man who, in his (Sir George's) humble opinion, was the greatest of the great men of the century. He had been a witness to much of the good the Salvation Army had done. General Booth had delivered that night one of the most remarkable addresses he had heard in his life, and he thanked God that he had had the opportunity of hearing it, though he had chosen between coming there and going to hear the other speakers. (Loud applause.) He had met and met thousands on the battlefield, but he had saved hundreds of thousands from wretchedness and also saved their souls. (Applause.)

The motion was carried amid rounds of cheering.

The General briefly, but gratefully, acknowledged the vote passed so unanimously, and moved, seconded, and carried to be carried by a force of hands a vote of thanks to His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor.

The Commandant closed with the benediction the most overwhelmingly triumphant gathering he had ever held under the Southern Cross.

The General Meets Premier Reid

A MINISTERIAL BANQUET GIVEN IN HIS HONOR.

Some idea of the marvellous influence of the Tuesday night meeting held in the Sydney Town Hall, on the occasion of the General's birthday, may be gathered from the following incident. Immediately after the close of the great meeting, the Hon. G. H. Reid went into the General's private room and invited him to luncheon next day with himself and the members of the New South Wales Cabinet. Of course the General accepted the invitation, and attended at the Colonial Secretary's office, where an excellent repast was provided.

After the luncheon, during which the General conversed with Premier Reid on various Army and Social topics, the General, at the invitation of the Premier, gave a descriptive account of the work in all lands, which was listened to with an eagerness of profound and respectful attention.

At its conclusion, the Commandant, in a few well-chosen sentences, thanked the Premier for the opportunity thus afforded the General of giving information to the influential guests present concerning the work of the Army.

The Hon. the Premier, in replying, said that he had listened to the General's speech with great pleasure. He was convinced that it was one of his best, and he thought that the General did on the previous evening, except he had possessed power from on high.

The General, it may be added, has by his strong personality, made a deep impression on the minds of the Sydney campaign, and there is no reason to doubt that the Army's position has been permanently strengthened among those upon whom has been placed the responsibility for governing the people of New South Wales.

The Soldier's First Duty.

(To our frontispiece.)

WHAT is a soldier's first duty? "I know," somebody answers. "It is courage, dash, bravery, recklessness, desperation and ambition. It must be, for we talk of the heroic deeds of the soldier, we sing about the bravery of the old knights, our poets have composed ballads and dramas on the accomplishments of dash and daring, and the newspapers report under big scareheads the desperate doings of courageous soldiers."

While admitting that courage is one of the finest qualifications of a soldier and the most conspicuous attribute, yet we assert that the first DUTY of a soldier is Obedience.

A company of soldiers, obedient to their captain, will accomplish more as a whole, than two companies of disobedient, although brave soldiers.

Bravery has the charm of the exercise of one's own free will, as well as attuning the education of man; obedience is a constant resigning of one's own choice to the command of the leader of the whole, and is, therefore, not a pleasant thing to self, neither does a dutiful obedience command the admiration of the crowd. The universe is founded upon obedience; without it the whole creation would fall to pieces. But the laws of God are implicitly obeyed by willing worlds and the obedient dev-drop worlds only, having a free will, can and does disobey, to the destruction of his happiness and hope.

Disobedience turned angels into fiends, robbed mankind of Paradise, and nailed the Son of God to the cross. Disobedience deluged the earth, sent the plagues into Egypt, made Saul a suicide, dethroned David, turned Nebuchadnezzar into a beast, and scattered the Israelites, and the four winds, making the chosen people of God a people without nationality.

"To obey is better than sacrifice," it is written in the Book of books, although to sacrifice appears greater than to obey in general. At all ages people have been very ready to appreciate their consecration by occasional sacrifice, when they never were ready to render a conditional obedience.

The Field Commissioner puts the truth tersely in the following words: "Obedience is the first and last gate of a Christian's life."

Schiller, the great German poet, illustrates the beauty and first place of obedience in the Christian's duties, in an excellent poem, "The fight with the dragon." The essence of the story runs as follows:

A young member of an old Christian order of knights was eager to render some distinguished service to the people. These old knights were not only monks and missionaries in one, but had to fight as well against wild beasts and hostile tribes to protect the people among whom they resided. In this case the country had been conquered by the heathen run by a monstrous dragon, who from time to time would raid the country, carry away man and cattle. Many a valiant knight had endeavored to slay the monster, but perished in the attempt, until the commander of the order had issued a decree forbidding its members to attempt, single-handed, combat with the dragon. This rule, however, was derided and tried to secure a furlough, he left the cloister and his ancestral castle, trained his horse and dogs to the combat, having made an image of the monster out of wax. At last he attempts the fight, conquers and kills the dragon, and brings the corpse trailing through the streets. He now stands before his superior, having recounted his adventures, and his conclusion in the poet's own version:

The joyous shouts, so long suppressed,
Now burst forth every heart's breast,
Soon as the knight these words had spoken;
And ten times 'anulst the high vault broken,
The sound of mingled voices rang
Re-echoing back with hollow clang.
The Order's own demand, in haste,
That with a crown his brow be girded.

And gratefully in triumph now
The nob the youth would bear a-
long—
When, lo! the Master knelt his brow,
And called for silence 'mongst the throng.

And said, "The dragon that this land
Laid waste, thou slow'st with daring hand;
Although the people's idol thou,
The Order's law thou deemest now.
Thy breast has to a fiend more base
Than e'en this dragon given place.
The serpent that the heart most stings,
And hatred and destruction brings,
That spirit is, which stubborn lies,
And implicitly casts off the rein,
Despising order's sacred ties:
'Tis *that* destroys the world a-
man."

"The Mameluke makes of courage
boast,
Obedience decks the Christian most;
For where our great and blessed Lord;
As a mere servant of the Lord,
The Fathers, on that holy ground,
This famous Order chose to found,
That arduous duty to fulfill,
To overcome one's own self-will!
'Twas idle glory moved these three:
So take thee hence from out My
sight!
For who the Lord's yoke cannot bear,
To wear his cross can have no
right."

A furious shout now raised the crowd,
The place is filled with outcries loud:
The brethren all for pardon cry:
The youth in silence droops his gaze,
Mute his garments from him throws.
Kisses the Master's hand, and goes.
But he pursues him with his gaze,
Recalls him lovingly, and says:
'Let Me embrace thee now, My son:
The harder fight is gained by thee.
Take, then, this cross—the garden
won
By self-subdued humility."

Warm Western Welcome

TO THE
NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE
PACIFIC PROVINCE.

It was a warm welcome, of course it was. You always get that in the S. A., especially in the West, and I can assure you that Staff-Captain and Mrs. Gage's welcome to the Pacific Province was no exception to the rule. The reception took place on Wednesday night. The Brigadier led, and the barracks was packed to the doors.

A case of curiosity, you say? No, sir! That is no unusual thing for a week-end meeting in Spokane, and is a dead certainty if there is something special announced. The Sergt. Major welcomed the Staff-Captain on behalf of the soldiers in the Corps and Division, and called upon all those who would stand by the new Chancellor to stand to their feet. Not only all those on the platform, but also a number in the audience, responded.

Adj. Dodd made one of his characteristic speeches on behalf of the men officers, and Ensign Stevens said her little piece for the women officers in the Province. Both gave the Staff-Captain and his family a hearty welcome, and expressed their confidence in them, and prophesied that they were going to be the present, and believed that God was going to make him a blessing, and he would try to be a help to everyone. He was sure that God was going to help him, and bless his labors.

An officers' tea followed, when we sat down to a well-spread table provided by Adj. and Mrs. Dodd and assistants. A very enjoyable time was spent.

COLUMBUS.

So and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward doubt-
ing—
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.
—A. A. Proctor.

Scored Again!

WEST ONTARIO MAY
COUNCILS.

Division of Labor Among the Speakers.

Promotions—Commissions—Enthusiasm—Cream.

Major Southall, the ever-alert P. O. of this Province, made a good stroke when he decided to take advantage of the holiday rates to gather in council his officers on the 23rd and 24th of May. The S. A. Citadel, London, presented a lively appearance by the arrival of some eighty officers from different parts of the Province.



The councils had been well boomed through the Councils and the officers came with the highest expectations; it is certain none were disappointed. A novel feature of the councils was the apportioning of different subjects, covering every phase of the war, to the different P. O.s, who handled their job manfully.

First Session.—At 2:30 p.m. the officers met in the week-night hall, one Citadel, and after some red-hot prayers, and beseeching the Throne of Grace, our worthy Provincial Officer rose to speak and deafening volleys and clapping of hands. The Major expressed his pleasure at having another opportunity of seeing his officers, and went on to speak of the work of our Army, and the tremendous possibilities that lie ahead of us. The Major cited the case of an ensign at the war, who recently said: "The religion of the next century will be that of the Salvation Army." The Major also gave some very encouraging figures of the advances made the last year.

The P. O. read a letter from our beloved Commissioner, who had so kindly and thoughtfully remembered us, the reading of which brought forth tremendous volleys, showing the love and devotion that each officer holds for their leader. A return message of love and loyalty was sent by the Major, each officer giving expression to their determination to stand by their leader and the dear old King.

Capt. Keeler gave us a brand new song, which went with a swing. Ensign Mellerg, in handling his subject, "Organization," made some capital points about the J. S. work.

Adj. Coombs used his subject, "Special Efforts," with good effect, and we are sure if the officers will only follow the lines laid down by the Adjutant, that the P. O. P. Harvest Festival and Self-Denial efforts cannot help but be a success.

Adj. and Mrs. Blackburn were extended a hearty welcome by the Provincial Staff and Field Officers. The Adjutant handled his subject, "How to run a hard corps," in a masterly way, giving some of his experience, which must prove helpful to all.

We ten were provided by Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond and Capt. Clark, with the co-operation of the London soldiery. A fine spread it was, too, and they deserve great credit.

The night session was a season of blessing. Mrs. Adj. Hughes sang and spoke to us on "How to boom the Cry." She handled her subject splendidly.

The next subject, "Discipline," was allotted to our worthy Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Phillips. He, too, a well-thought-out address, showed its importance, what it really meant, and the necessity of every one in our ranks adhering to it. The Staff-Captain also spoke of many other points of vital importance to our work in the Army.

Mrs. Major Southall, who holds a warm place in every officer's heart, was the next speaker, and gave a most blessed and God-inspired talk, taking for her subject "The Soldier's Place in the 13th chapter of 1 Cor., dissecting each verse in an able manner. Mrs. Southall spoke of the "pressed man" and the "volunteer." She was listened to with rapt attention. The haloed influence of the Holy Ghost was such in the meeting that the officers, though somewhat weary with travelling, were loath to leave, though it was nearly mid-winter—W. J. W.

Thursday morning the Councils opened with a vim and found the Major in good trim. The P. O. dealt with several questions affecting the Province, in a convincing manner, after which we returned to a solo from Eudora Orchard. It voiced the sentiments, we think, of the majority of the officers present. When the Ensign had got through with his solo he dived into his subject, "How to arouse interest in a corps." In such a manner has his hearers were convinced that the speaker knew whereof he spoke.

To Ensign Wakefield was entrusted the subject, "How to finance a corps," and his remarks were full of force and had a logic. Adj. Hughes gave a practical talk on "The art of saving," giving some valuable hints on conducting Sunday night meetings. Staff-Capt. Coombs' address on "Personal Religion" was a real treat, and gave us the dew of Heaven to our souls. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips' "Observations" were terse and bright.

The Major's closing address was a masterpiece. We had a heart-searching time. The clouds of moments of those May councils will linger long in our memories, and in that last consecration scene we believe vows were made, the carrying out of which will result in a mighty onward sweep in Western Ontario. This closed the councils—"Blessed be the God."

The Night Public Meeting.

This meeting will be long remembered by the officers of the W. O. P. and the Salvationists of the Pured City. The bulletin board announced:

Great War Memories Meeting: Commemorate the Field Officers, and Ice Cream Social!

At 7:30 the march left the Citadel, headed by the famous London Band, also the host of visiting officers. A rousing open-air meeting was led by Adj. Coombs, and after which we returned to the Citadel where the opening song was lined out by our worthy Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Phillips. While it was being sung our loved Provincial Officers entered the building, and adjutant and speaker, and they took their places on the platform. After Adj. Coombs and Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips had prayed, the Major took hold and everything went on without a hitch.

Mrs. Adj. Coombs was the first speaker, and she, as well as other former officers of this corps, who followed, was greeted with a regular fusillade of applause—Adj. Capt. Hancock had a share in this. Mrs. Adj. Hughes also sang and spoke, this being her first public appearance in London.

After this part of the program was over, the speaker came the commissioning of some 50 officers. It was an interesting proceeding. Before receiving their appointments the Major called on five Lieutenants—Burrows, Stitt, Campbell, Phillips and another, to sing a quibbette (which they did in good Army style), after which, to their great surprise, they were promoted to the rank of Captain. Our tried and faithful comrade, Capt. Crawford, was also promoted by the Commissioner to the rank of Ensign. All these promotions were received with great applause. The Major then made the appointments.

We men had a few words from Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips and Mrs. Southall, who made a loving appeal to all present to rise to their privileges, and they God and go forth to save souls. We finished up with the songs at the Councils, then closed one of the best series of councils and meetings the writer ever attended—Silver Spray.



WEEKLY WATCHWORD: "Rejoice."

Rejoice, though storms assail thee;
Rejoice when skies are bright;
Rejoice, though round thy pathway
Is spread the gloom of night;
If the good hope be in thee,
That all at last is well,
Then let thy happy spirit
With joyful feelings swell!

Rejoice, rejoice for ever,
Though earthly friends be gone;
For silently and swiftly
The wheels of time roll on;
And still they bear thee forward,
Nearer that happy shore,
While the triumphant song is
Rejoice for evermore.

Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.

Repentance the Road to Rejoicing.—
I. Chron. xvi. 10.

To the consequence, stricken by the revelation of sin, joy looks a remote possibility; yet, such are nearer happiness than the carelessly cheerful. To experience the avenue of salvation, there must be keen sorrow for sin. The more genuine the man's repentance, the more joyous his rejoicing. Gladness is the inevitable outcome of contrite grief, for those who seek wholeheartedly find in His fulness Him Who is the satisfaction of their souls.

XXXXXX

MONDAY.

The Salute's Unseen Source of Joy.—
I. Peter 1. 8.

The joy of Christ is not an experience to be dogmatized upon, nor even to be minutely described. They who know it need no words with which to enhance such glory; they who as yet stand without such happiness must find its secret before they can understand the joy-light that gleams in the sky of the Christian undimmed by circumstances or sorrow.

XXXXXX

TUESDAY.

Pleasure only in Things Profitable.—
I. Cor. xiii. 6.

God hasten the day when people who have every desire to do and be good, will only take pleasure in the same! Gossip and other kindred littlenesses are not the pastimes for saints to indulge in—to rejoice in the truth means a character of integrity and a life of liberty.

XXXXXX

WEDNESDAY.

Joy in the Joy of Others.—Romans xii. 15.

Many people whose sympathy is drawn out to share another's grief, keep back its tide when their friends rejoice. It is as much our duty to rejoice with those that rejoice as it is to weep with those that weep. It is a higher form of unselfish interest to share the joy of another than to sympathize with their sorrow.

XXXXXX

THURSDAY.

Delight in the Details of Daily Duty.—
Deut. xii. 7.

Those who wait for great ecstasies, for mighty revelations and enhancing events to call forth joy will not live happy lives. Happiness is chiefly found in content in small things. Cheerfulness in the fulfilling of daily duty makes heaven in the heart amidst the most adverse surroundings.

XXXXXX

FRIDAY.

Celestial Joy Found in Suffering.—
Acts v. 41.

To find pleasure in pain is one of the Christian's secrets, and an unexplain-

able mystery to the world. The joy of bearing a cross for the Crucified, of being counted worthy to endure hardness, and circumstances trying and painful, holds brighter and more blessed feeling than any other providence of Jehovah.

XXXXXX

SATURDAY.

The Soul-Saver's Crown of Joy.—Ps. cxvii. 6.

The positive pleasure of a soul-saving life is the experience nearest heavenly bliss offered to anyone this side of the pearly gates. Though there may be the tears, the toll and the agony, there is ever the sure fruition to look forward to of that glorious moment when all who have sought the lost will meet them on the Morning as found; and in the blinding of those eternal sheaves, the toll of them will ever be forgotten.

OUR JOY.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Oh, Hope of every contrite heart,
Oh, Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek.

But want to those who find—ah! this
Nor pen nor tongue can show,
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but the saved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thine our prize will be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.



Jesus at Jacobs' Well.

John iv. 9-26.

The first words spoken by Jesus to the woman at the well must have at once convinced her that, although a Jew in aspect, the traveler sitting by the wayside was unlike any other of this nationality whom she had ever met.

All her life the woman had been accustomed to the strained relations existing between the Jews and the Samaritans. We can scarcely imagine the extent of this racial prejudice which in those days generally resulted in much bitter feeling on both sides. From time immemorial the Jews had despised the Samaritans, looking down upon them as a lower and heathen race. Although, so far as we know, the Samaritans were a peace-loving and mild race, and manifested no enmity towards their latter neighbors, they would, not, naturally, entertain

friendly feelings towards them, and be little disposed to expect or receive blessing at their hands.

For a Jew to ask even so small a gift as a drink of water from a Samaritan was an unheard-of thing, and this request of Jesus must have at once surprised His listener. But the more we know of the character and teaching of our Lord the less we should be surprised at this action of Jesus. Was it not His mission to make all men one in God, and to do away with the strife that had made man the enemy of man?

The aim of Christ is still the same, and through His servants He can would speak those lessons of love and kindness which go to tell that in God's sight all are equal, and all men brothers.

Living water is one of the most beautiful similes for salvation used in the Bible. When Christ said, referring to the partaker of this heavenly draught, "He shall never thirst," He

did not speak of the physical thirst, which was the only kind the Samaritan knew of, but of that deep thirst of the soul, which only God can satisfy, and only His salvation can quench.

This spiritual thirst is as real as the living water which satisfies it. Although there is lamentably little of that "hunger and thirst after righteousness" which God has pledged Himself so wonderfully to fulfill, yet there is a sense in which even the unconverted are filled with the craving for God. The desire is often a hidden one, the longing frequently a smothered one, but behind many a seemingly careless exterior, it is there all the same, to be appealed to, to be increased, and then to be led to the only source for His satisfaction.

Living water—is this the kind of salvation we possess? No stagnant, non-advancing stream, but an ever-freshing aggressive force springing up within the heart and influencing the life. Stagnant streams are the soonest to dry up. Non-progressive soldiers are the quickest to drop out of the ranks. God keep our experience a fresh and a flowing one.

A MERRY HEART.

A merry heart! A merry heart!
It singeth all day long,
Though called with divers things to part,

Its joy is deep and strong,
In spite of Satan's fiery dart,
It riseth high its song.

Oh, would'st thou, friend, the secret know,

Of such a heart as this,
Possessing such a peaceful flow
Of ecstasy and bliss?
Wherever Jesus bids it go—
It has one answer, "Yes."

Obedience is the vital breath
Of such a merry heart.

Quite ready, be it life or death,
To do the better part!
It firmly holds the shield of faith,
And quenches every dart.

The merry heart hath endless feast,
And Christ partakes therein,
He deigns to dwell with e'en the least
That will but part with sin.
Ah, when the inward strife hath ceased,
Then Heaven doth here begin!

His heart was broke to make mine glad,
My joy was dearly bought.

How oft His countenance was sad,
While He man's freedom wrought!
O that a thousand tongues I had
To praise Him as I ought!

—Albert Tristram.



CHRIST AT THE WELL IN SAMARIA.

The Royal City,

And the Record of its S. A. Corps.

By ENSIGN OTTAWAY.

No one was ever known to dispute the fact that Guelph is a pretty city, with its triangular blocks and wooded crescents opening to the view, as you walk along its streets, its sloping hills crowned with beautiful buildings, and the river winding its way in and out, turning in its course many a wheel for flour and woollen mill, electric light works, etc., for the River Speed is useful to the manufacturing industries, as well as beautifying to the city. There is also an old-fashioned log station, purposely spared as a relic of early days, which would yet lend the traveller to believe he was in the new country.

But it is as an Army officer I have observed Guelph, and naturally my

has his interest flagged up to the present, for to-day he is as warm a friend as in days of old. The present Mayor, Mr. B. E. Nelson, does not differ from his predecessors in this respect, and in any philanthropic scheme the Army has on foot, lends his kindly aid and co-operation.

Institutions Open to Us

Another evidence of the favor of the city is the free access granted to our League of Mercy sisters to the jail and hospital, and the most kindly treatment from all the officials connected therewith. In this issue you will find the photographs of two of the League of Mercy sisters—Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Thompson. Mrs. Dawson is

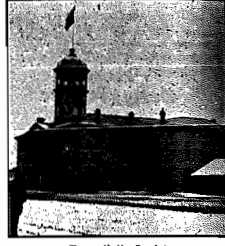
Square, just before the big Post Office. It is the popular stand to-day. All the summer months the entire Saturday night meetings are held here, and as the crowds pass in and out of the



Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.



Norfolk St. Methodist Church, Guelph.



Town Hall, Guelph.

Post Office, sending and receiving messages, they stop to listen to the Army band and then receive a message, not on paper, but direct upon the tables or their hearts from some red-hot Salvationist, such as Mrs. Scott or the renowned Walter Scott, or perhaps one of the band boys.

Mrs. Simpson must not be overlooked in this small epistle of Guelph, for perhaps her worth tells on the morals of the city more than any one Salvationist beside.

Many a guilty prisoner has grasped her hand while the tears fell upon it. Many a dying man and woman has blessed the day she entered the hospital ward. Her flock of three little girls are with her, heart and soul in the Army, the eldest one, Eva, taking her place regularly in the War Cry rounds and in the band.

More War Crys are sold in the city to-day than have been for over sixty years—225 weekly and special Crys 250.

Burr's Factory.

While I am on the subject of War Cry selling, I should like to say a word or two about Mr. Burr's factory hands, as represented in the accompanying photo. They are a large crowd to the Cry. Every week I sell 40 there, and there are many warm friends of the Army among them. Two or three of them have brothers who are officers, several have relatives who are Salvation soldiers. In the group are the Messrs. Burr, two brothers who own the factory. Their cheerful faces are to be seen at any time on the floors or in the office. They're always been warm friends to the Army and we esteem it a great privilege that we are allowed weekly to sell our papers, never being told we are taking up valuable time. Much of the credit, may be given to the foremen on the different flints, who are as cordial in their welcome from week to week.



Burr's Furniture Factory Employees, Guelph.

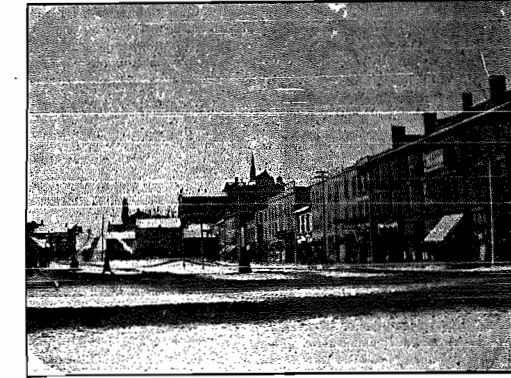
probably better known as Captain Churchill, who first opened fire in Guelph, and she is not one whit less blood-and-fire than in days of yore. She has the oversight of the League of Mercy sisters, and in that capacity has full scope for her energies. Equally well-known in Ontario as in Guelph, is her husband, ex-Ensign Dawson. His tall, manly figure will be remembered in many a town and city corps. He now fills the position of Junior Sergt-Major, and is universally loved and esteemed. He is faithful as a home worker, and the J. S. War is in good hands. Six little Dawsons, all full of life and health, are Salvationists by birth and education. The eldest one, Byron, already plays a horn in the band.

Band Appreciated

Certainly the Army enjoys great privileges in Guelph. The City Council grants us the use of the park for our Sunday afternoon meetings during the hot summer weather. And what meetings they are! Everybody enjoys them, rich and poor, young and old, saved and unsaved. Then there is our first open-air stand, on St. George's



Lower Wyndham Street, Guelph.



Market Square, Guelph.

Interest has been centred on the Army, its attitude to the city, and that of the city towards it, and after eight months spent in it, I've come to the conclusion that Guelph possesses some good people as well as its share of clever and intellectual citizens. The chief characteristic is the love of justice and right which seems to predominate. Just one little instance: A certain brass band made an appeal to the City Council for a grant to be allowed them from the city funds, when the suggestion was immediately made that the Army band should have a grant also, revealing the fact that our band is by no means unappreciated in the city.

Proper Mayors.

It is a peculiar feature in the history of the city that from the commencement of our operations here, the Mayor elected from year to year has always shown a marked interest in the Army. The first to take our part when curiosity regarding our work was followed by opposition, was Mayor Stevenson, whose photograph appears in this issue, and his kind and Christian spirit has never changed during the fifteen years of smiles and tears the corps has passed through. Mayor Lamprey also did the Army many a good turn, nor



S. A. Barracks, Guelph.

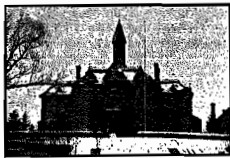


Mayor R. E. Nelson.

as any, and are very eager that their floor shall not be behind in buying the Cry. This group gave about \$6 to our last Self-Denial effort. I think they deserve a volley, and I covet them all for Jesus.

Although churches are nicely filled in this not very large city, we have our distinct congregation, varying in character from the old, tried friends, to the roughs, whom we are always glad to see. The best of harmony exists between platform and people. The past winter has seen some big sinners saved.

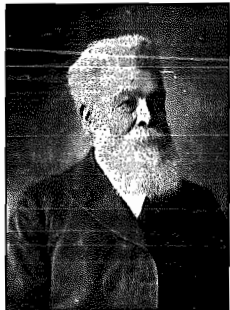
Bro. Cormie is faithfully telling out what great and mighty things God has done for him; how in the old drill shed, where the Army opened fire, he staggered to the penitent form the worse for liquor, and the liberty of the sons of God was breathed into his soul. For fifteen years he has stood firm. In many a practical way he proves his gratitude to God, for never does he hear the cry of distress or need, but his sympathies are reached.



Central School, Guelph.

I was speaking of a new corps recently opened, when some one said, in reference to it, "It is in its first love, and boiling over with enthusiasm," to which I replied, "Ah, but Guelph has come through the fire and storm and has proved itself. In my opinion nothing could capsize the old ship now. They're tried, proved and true." God speed it. It must increase, the foundation is solid, the Junior war progressive, the city favorable, opportunities legion, and, best of all, God is with us.

Bound on a voyage of awful length
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Maa vainly trusts his own.
But ours alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost. --Cowper.



Mr. Stevenson.



Guelph War Cry Brigade.

Ensign Ottaway, Eva Simpson, Pub. S. M. Smith, J. S. Treas. Scott, Capt. Coe, S. M. Scott.

DESPERATE.

By ENSIGN PERRY.

THE above was the heading of a newspaper description of a suicidal venture and accomplishment. A man, about 40 years of age, and seemingly tired of life, put an end to his own existence in this world. It was indeed a desperate act. Whatever his past may have been I

You say, "Poor man, tired of life!" Why was it? It may have been because life's tide had gone against him, and he felt he could not stem its current, or, perhaps, weakness of mind had led to so rash an act.

He need not have become tired of living, for life to him might have been dead sweet had he pursued the right course, and looked to the strong for strength.

Oh, how many a man has tired of life. Its attractions once pleased, its



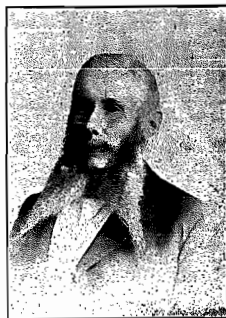
Ensign Ottaway.

know not, but life's doings were ended in this one and tragedy. Two attempts were made to accomplish his purpose. The first was a jump into the great Mississippi, but when he felt the cold waters about him, his nerves failed, and he drew himself out.

The second attempt was a successful one. He sat down upon the river bank, where he could plainly hear the roar of the falls beyond, and across the water he could see the lights of a big city after dark. There, however, seemed no hope for him, so he made up his mind to there and then end it. Leaning his back against a post the trigger of a revolver was pulled by his own hand, and his soul passed on, as the newspaper put it, "to worlds unknown."

vanities were esteemed for a season, its future seemed studded with stars of hope for years of gaiety, but he proves to his sorrow that pleasures not born of heaven are fleeting, and leave an empty void.

Carried onward by an ever-increasing yearning for more of sin's pleasures, he finds how unsatisfactory life is, as he asks himself, "Is this all?" Like the man who sat on the bank of the Mississippi, within hearing of the falls and within sight of the city, so he sits on the bank of sin's river. He can hear below and beyond the sound of hell's entreat. One more plunge and a little more drifting will bring him within reach of its seething, destroying power and he is dashed over into an awful hell. And he may sit on the banks of



Ex-Mayor Lamprey, Guelph.

sin's river, and looking up and across, see the glimmering lights of the heavenly city, which beckon him on by every flicker to the place of safety and happiness.

Instead of plunging into sin's depths all he has to do is to forfeit his present evil, call to his aid the Heavenly Boatman, and placing his confidence in Him, he is borne across to that place where sin cannot enthrall, where hope is never deferred or blighted, and where life is lived on in perpetual happiness.

Reader, have you proved life's gaiety but a flash that does not satisfy? Have the chaffing of this world's perplexities and petty trials so worn your spirit that there seems only a span between you and self-destruction? Have the disappointments of life and the darkness of sin's night so caused a cloud of gloom to rest upon you that all seems very dark? If so, look up,



Agricultural College, Guelph.

for there is now beaming across sin's waters, lights from the land of hope, which shine for you.

It is true, sin's current is attractive, and the devil whispers, "Take another plunge; drift a little further down the stream," but you consider not the swiftness of the current, and the weakness of your own flesh as the devil does. He knows that a little more drifting means that you go over the falls of eternal ruin.

Rise up, sinner, and call upon the One mighty to save and strong to deliver. Place yourself in the care of Him who is all powerful, shut your ears to the devil's suggestions, and laying aside every weight allow Him to steer you safely over. In your going, reach out a helping hand to pull someone else out of sin's current, and then life will be a joy, as true joy comes from a deep realization of our own safety and the helping of others.



Bro. Alex. Cormie.

GAZETTE.

Goodwill to Man.

It is a most encouraging sign of the times that questions like the Chinese complications, the Fashoda quarrel, the Sannan trouble, the Transvaal dispute, etc., which were fraught with dangers of international strife, and each of which at one time would have provoked war, are now more and more becoming subject to calm discussion and arbitration. The nations are weary of war and its burden, for even the victor in modern war has to pay dearly for his glory, and often suffers equally with the defeated nation. May the angels of Justice and Mercy be triumphant in for ever destroying the demon of war!

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

CONDUCTS A

United Soldiers' Meeting at Lisgar Street.

SOLDIERS TURN OUT EN MASSE—COMMISSIONER TALKS TO READY LISTENERS ABOUT PERSONAL SALVATION—A SPIRITUAL FEAST.

Another united soldiers' meeting, this time for the Salvationists in the Western half of the city, was conducted by the Field Commissioner on Tuesday, May 23rd, and the announcement of it was sufficient to fill the Lisgar St. barracks with a happy crowd of uniformed soldiers, Cadets and officers. The preliminaries at once presaged a good meeting. The Commissioner was in good trim for the meeting, and before taking up her lesson, said she had a little pleasant duty to fulfill, which was altogether too seldom the case, since the more grave responsibilities overshadowed such bright—but brief—occasions. She proceeded then to promote Ensigns Turpin and Welch to the rank of Adjutants, and Adj. and Mrs. Stanyon to the rank of Staff-Captains. These announcements were each received with much applause. Miss Booth made some personal remarks on each promotion, and we all agreed that they were all well merited by our comrades.

AN ABLE RELIGION.

The Field Commissioner based her address upon the question of the King of old to Daniel, "Is thy God able to deliver thee?" and with the precision of one long experienced in dealing with the spiritual difficulties and hindrances of men and women's souls, she appealed straight to the conscience of everyone present. It was a kind of spiritual mustering and inspection of arms, to find out whether our weapons were intact, and our ammunition of the right quality.

We all enjoyed the excellent advice, the plainly-put lessons and the kind concern displayed by our beloved leader, and we all hope that Miss Booth will often meet us again in soldiers' councils.

Our spiritual appetite for such is always keen, and we have enjoyed the feast of the last two meetings of the Commissioner's immensely.—A Toronto Soldier.

Congratulations, Brigadier and Mrs. McIntyre, on your well-deserved promotion. These comrades are two other "misdoaners" sent from the Land of the Maple to the domain of Uncle Sam.



At last Brigadier and Mrs. Pagnoule are really forcing things. They will leave the East on June 16th, and are going on a furlough previous to proceeding to their new appointment. The best wishes of our Eastern comrades will follow them, and all Salvation Army comrades and friends in the Territory will pray that they may soon be completely restored to health and strength.

I am very pleased to be in a position to state that the new Provincial Officers for the Eastern Provinces are Major and Mrs. Pickering, recently in command of the West London Division (Eng.). The Major comes with a splendid record and is well known to many officers in the Territory. I need not say that the East will give him and his dear wife a hearty welcome. The East does not know how to do anything else.

The Field Commissioner will pay a flying visit to the East to install and introduce the new Provincial Officers.

See the report of the Massey Hall "Miss Booth in Rags." Only two weeks' announcement; before half-past five the crowd began to gather. We are getting rather used to wonderful meetings with "Rags," so that we ordinary mortals find it difficult to obtain words which exactly interpret our ideas; no mistake, it was a wonderful affair.

We were pleased that Colonel Higgins, of New York, happened to be passing at the time and stayed over. He received a splendid welcome from the Toronto Salvationists and friends. What he said was appreciated very much by all.

Lieut.-Colonel Murgette is in Newfoundland, and will be present at the officers' councils held in St. Johns. On his way he has visited the Eastern Province, and reported splendid times and excellent prospects. His tour is being so arranged as to meet the Commissioner in St. John, N. B., at her instigation of the new Provincial Officer.

Should officers wear shoulder straps? Yes, it is regulation uniform for officers of all ranks. Send in your order to the Trade Department, and you will be sure to get it regulation style.

Headquarters Happenings.

We were glad to shake hands with a former comrade, Brigadier Marshall, of New York. The Brigadier looks healthy and has quite a portly appearance, although there are some hairs turning white, under the combined effect of responsibility and time. He blesses the Brigadier and his dear wife, formerly Capt. Keetch, who mourns the loss of her dear mother, as reported in our last issue.

The Field Commissioner's soldiers' meetings were seasons of spiritual development to us all.

Other old comrades have passed through Toronto, viz., Capt. Heft and wife, who are on a short furlough before taking charge of Erie, Penn. Our comrades stayed for the night at last meeting and say that they never enjoyed anything like it.

More promotions.—Adj. Turpin—Adj. Welch—Staff-Captain and Mrs. Stanyon! We tender sincerest congratulations, you are all deserving. Adj. Turpin has faithfully served as Headquarters Cashier; Adj. Welch has toiled night and day for the personal comfort of the Field Commissioner, and both the records of Adj. Tom Stanyon and his better half—Mrs. Carrie Stanyon, nee Penne—are too well known to require further explanations. May these promotions be stepping stones to greater usefulness in the service of God and humanity.

A Loyal Message

FROM THE

West Ontario Troops

To the Field Commissioner.

London, Ont.,
May 23rd.

About eighty officers, assembled in council, send loving and loyal greetings. Your letter was accepted with red-hot enthusiasm. We are determined West Ontario shall do its part in the Century Scheme, as a token of gratitude to God for sparing our beloved General. Blood and Fire will conquer.

Major Southall.

The Press on the Massey Hall Meeting.

All the daily papers of Toronto had favorable comments upon the meeting; we clip a portion of the report in the Mail and Empire, as fairly representing the opinion of the Press:

MISS EVA BOOTH IN RAGS.

Large Audience Grooms the S. A. Leader in Massey Hall—Sad and Harrowing Tale of Life in London Slums.

"An immense audience, which crowded Massey Hall from the ground floor to the top gallery, greeted Miss Eva Booth when she repeated her lecture on the 'London Slums' at that place last evening."

"Colonel Higgins, General Secretary of the Salvation Army in the United States, acted as chairman. On the platform were seated the Army band and the different officers of the local S. A. movement."

"The Commissioner's appearance on the platform, dressed in ragged clothes and wearing old shoes tied with string, was the signal for repeated rounds of applause."

"I have been too long connected with the misery and sin of the world," said the speaker in commencing, "to think any explanation necessary for my appearance in rags." Dressed in any other way, the speaker said she would have been unable to reach the homes and the hearts of the poverty-stricken people she most desired to help. Such people turned against, often with hatred and spite, those who were better dressed or more cultivated than themselves. Poorly dressed, under the pretence of selling matches or flowers, or at other times taking her guitar and playing at the corners for pennies, the speaker had been able to make her way safely through the lowest courts and darkest alleys. Long before evangelists were allowed to enter the prisons, the speaker, dressed in her meanest clothing, had been admitted to these places as a friend of the prisoners. In this attire she visited nearly all the jails and prisons of London, including the famous 'Old Bailey.' Because she did not give away money, tickets, or anything else of value, many wondered how she succeeded in winning her way into the confidence of the very lowest classes of people. The secret of this lay in a wonderful charm which she possessed, and which she used, and never failed to open the door to the stoniest heart. This charm consisted of four keys, 'Love,' 'Sympathy,' 'Sacrifice,' 'Action.'"

"The speaker went on to explain the different ways in which each key operated; telling, in the course of her address, many sad and harrowing tales of low life in the great metropolis. Her address was closely listened to, and evidently impressed her hearers."



Peace on Earth.

The Peace Conference is making better advancement than the prospects of the opening promised and the newspapers presaged. It appears that universal disarmament, however desirable, was considered to be premature and practically impossible at the time, when by a splendid stroke of the British representative the question of universal arbitration was brought up. Russia, having anticipated the surprise, at once produced a document containing a draft of such an institution. The American delegates are also introducing a proposal for the establishment of a Permanent Board of International Arbitration. There is now every hope that such or a similar proposal will be finally accepted by all representatives, which will mean a magnificent advance towards making war an improbability. Every follower of Christ should continue to exercise a fervent faith on behalf of the proposals now before the convention.

THE UNPARALLELED MAMMOTH MEETING

IN THE MASSEY MUSIC HALL.

Five Thousand People Crowd that Magnificent Edifice to See and Hear
"Miss Booth in Rags."

THE BEST OF ORDER AND AN EXCELLENT SPIRIT PREVAILED THROUGH-
OUT THE MEETING—MISS BOOTH'S FIRST APPEARANCE AS A
HARPIST—COLONEL HIGGINS, FROM NEW YORK,
INTRODUCES HIMSELF—THREE HOURS
OF SMILES AND TEARS.



MOST MAGNIFICENT RECORD! DUPLICATED! Such is the kernel of the numerous comments of the press and of everyone who was present at the splendid gathering, Sunday, May 28th, in the Massey Hall.

The immense crowd was exceedingly attentive to the masterly address of the Field Commissioner, who alternately moved that vast concourse to smiles and tears by the humorous and touching incidents recounted in her characteristic language. Yes, the recent lecture of Miss Booth in Rags was a further compacer to the former record-breaker of November, 1897.

The unprecedented crush on the occasion of Miss Booth's first lecture "In Rags" resulted in the shutting out of fully five thousand people, among whom were many of our own soldiers who had walked long distances. Ever since that, the Commissioner's mail has brought requests to repeat that famous lecture, in order to afford those who had been unable to gain admission an opportunity to hear her slim experiences. Previous engagements and important business, however, prevented the granting of such requests until recently, when the date was finally fixed as Sunday, May 28th.

The best teacher, without dispute, is experience; and the lessons learned at that former occasion, when the crowd was simply beyond control, were not left unheeded; the crowd was managed excellently. In order to avoid disappointment only as many tickets had been printed as the hall contained seats, and none were sold on the day of the meeting. The admission was only nominal—five and ten cents, with this advantage, the holders of the ten-cent tickets, to be able to enter earlier by a side door. As an extra precaution the special entrance was opened nearly an hour before the time announced, and people began to come very early, and in this manner the accumulation of too large a crowd outside was avoided and every ticket-holder secured his seat. The hall was packed to the very top seat, and several hundreds of people who came late without tickets were unable to find admission. Even the platform was utilized, nearly every available seat being taken by the public.

The Preliminaries.

While the people filled into the hall in a steady stream, the storm of applause greeted her, and she spoke volumes for the esteem and affection which Toronto citizens in general, and the Toronto troops in particular, have for our brave leader.

Colonel Higgins, the genial Chief Secretary from "the other side," who



"I BELIEVES IN HER, I DOES; SHE DON'T JAW—SHE DYES!"

had come for a visit, gave out the first song:

"There is a Fountain filled with Blood."

This grand old hymn, to a grand old tune, was sung with new vim and with hearts full of thanks to God for the myriads of miracles wrought by that stream. Staff-Capt. Manton and Colonel Jacobs prayed, and while on their knees we sang another of those tunes that shall live as long as the English tongue is spoken:

"Rock of Ages cleft for me."

Colonel Higgins introduced himself in original and approved fashion. He announced that he came from the United States (applause), a statement which he said might have required some apology a few years back, but which has now become unnecessary, as the two countries were rapidly approaching each other. His name was Irish, but he did not know how far back it is since his ancestors left Ireland. He was an officer of 38 years' standing, and had practically grown up with the movement. He deduced

from the immense audience present, and their happy faces, three things: (1) That the Army must be believed in in Toronto; (2) That Toronto must be interested in the work among and for the poor; (3) That Toronto does appreciate the Field Commissioner, Miss Booth, and recognizes her excellent work. The first time he saw Miss Booth he was in New York, when he met her quite accidentally, just as she was returning from one of her missions of mercy, and in similar garb to that of to-night. It left upon his mind a lasting and profound impression, "Miss Booth in Rags," therefore, was not a lecture, but a memory, to him.

Mrs. Major Hargrave was called upon for a solo; she sang very appropriate words, "I have pleasure in this service," to the well-known tune, "Where is now the merry party?" The Field Commissioner accompanying on the harp and Capt. Arnold on the violin. To see Miss Booth as a harpist was certainly a surprise to all; a greater surprise was the excellent manner in which she played that Scriptural instrument, but the greatest surprise of all was the fact that she had

had practically only a few days in which to learn to play the same.

Miss Booth Speaks.

A favorite chorus of the Commissioner's, "O the Love that sought me," was sung prefatory to the address of the evening. The very best attention was given throughout the lecture. It was not only a mere recount of incidents to amuse and to arouse sympathy, but there were interwoven with it continual appeals to personal sacrifice and exhortations to the practice of those qualities which lessen the misery of this world and foster the one great thing which this world stands in need of more than ever, love for our neighbor; not a sentimental love that airs itself only in words and song, but a living power within that compels deeds—a sympathy that DOES.

Miss Booth, in vivid language, pictured to us our first little home in the slums, with its bare floor and the few pieces of shoddy furniture, her big Lieutenant who was at once her protector and a companion—though it seems that protection was never solicited by the Commissioner; she herself has given in her life the illustration that "perfect love casteth out fear." Of timid disposition naturally, she has shown, in more than one emergency, a courage that could only have been born of Love Divine. In fact, the one text that seemed written across all the stories told in the Massey Hall was the one just quoted. In her lecture she took us down into the miserable cellars in which such a large percentage of London's poor are housed, and led us through the brilliant confusion of London street life at midnight, to the darker alleys where she rescued two children from the cruel treatment of their father. Incidentally she denounced the drink traffic in small but genuine, which is responsible for so much misery, robe children of their food, clothing, and drives multitudes into poverty and crime. Her denunciations were brief, but of such vehemence that the audience was carried away, and applauded freely.

We observe now a ripple of laughter—now a flutter of handkerchiefs to wipe off a tear of compassion—now rousers of laughter, as we listen to Miss Booth's first lesson in scrubology—now again sobs and tears, as she tells us of the matchless heroism of the poor crippled boy, who died to win an insurance for his starving mother and his smaller brothers and sisters.

It was a masterly address; it was a powerful appeal to each hearer. Who can estimate—not the passing emotions of the hour, or the unanimous sympathy of the huge crowd with the subject of the speaker—but the results strengthened, the consciences quickened, the memories awakened, and the impressions left indelibly upon every mind for anybody can leave a meeting of this description without having its lessons fastened upon his very conscience.

Action!

What Miss Booth most tried to impress upon every one present was the need of action. It formed the theme of one of the five sub-divisions of her speech. Action counts, actions only help others. Well might old Joe say, when the Commissioner had scrubbed his room, made him some tea, and sang him a song, "I believes in her, I does; she don't jaw, she DOES!"

So let us all do the work of the day in the day, for soon the night is coming on, when no work can be done, when no amount of regret will atone for work left undone, and no tears will pay for love withheld.

Our Island Officers.

HOW SOME OF THEM GOT SAVED IN NEW-FOUNDLAND.

I.—Captain Sparks' First Solo.

I was a very little boy when I first started to serve God, and no doubt would have continued until now if I had not had the privileges that the S. A. Juniors have at the present time. Very few people believe in children taking an active part in public meetings in my young days, so I got discouraged and wandered from the fold. A few years afterwards the S. A. opened fire at my home, and from the start I felt they were, as some people say, "the real thing." I attended their meetings from time to time, and soon was engaged in the singing. One Tuesday night I went to the front of the battle trying to sing a solo in a sing-song meeting. I must confess there wasn't much music in it, but I went "at it." There was eight years ago, and I have been "at it" ever since. To-day I am an officer, storming the forts of darkness.

II.—Captain Barry's Tale.

I first saw the Salvation Army in the spring of '86. I had just arrived at St. Johns with my first voyage to the seal-fishing, and with my dirty, seeling clothes on, with several of my shipmates came to the door inside the door of the packed building.

The meeting was so different to anything I had seen before that I was really amazed.

The platform was full of people who appeared happy. This was one thing I could not understand, as I was under the false impression that religion was gloomy. I liked them, but as I did not trouble to go again, while in the city, I soon forgot about them, until two girls, who had got saved at St. Johns, came and started meetings at my home. One day I saw them, and my brother got saved, and I could see the change in his life; but even then I did not go to the meetings. One fine Sunday afternoon they came and got my father's consent to hold a meeting at our house. I stayed until the prayer meeting commenced, and then, with several others, went out. Not being very well pleased with some things said in the meeting, I found fault. Of course, I, being rather conceited, thought myself somebody of importance, and did not know but my words had a good deal of weight. Something, however, got hold of me, which I could not shake off, so ever after that meeting I was a constant attendant at the Army.

The work was properly started by a communion service, and continued to attend the meetings. God's Spirit took hold of me and convicted me of sin. I saw my lost condition, and felt I was the most wretched creature on the face of the earth.

One cold Thursday night, in February, I brought my sins and grief to Jesus, and He forgave me, and brought joy and gladness to my soul. That was on the 12th of February, from that hour I have striven to do His will. To-day I love Him more than ever. I am at the front of the fight spending my time and talents in His service, and I seeking to save others.

III.—Ensign Boggs's Account.

When I first heard of the S. A. I did not have any great desire to hear more, but some of my relatives were brought to Christ through its instrumentality, and while visiting them I began to attend the meetings. One Sunday night an officer spoke to me about accepting Christ. I made some remark about being as good as others, when the person referred to knelt near by and prayed for me. At once it dawned upon my mind that I was in earnest about my salvation, and I was not in earnest myself. That brought me to the Cross; that my heart was broken, and I fully understood that Christ alone could save me from the cross. I soon received a very definite knowledge that my sins on earth were forgiven. Ever since that glad hour I have found Jesus precious, and not one of His good promises have ever failed me.

After some months of soldiership, I applied for the work, was accepted, and I have spent many a happy year in living and fighting for Jesus. He

has enabled me to be faithful and has helped me to win many souls from darkness to light.

IV.—Captain J. Moore's Conversion.

I was brought up at Carbonear, a thriving town on the shores of Conception Bay. My parents did all they could in looking after my comfort, and I was the Godly influence of a father's life. I suppose my eagerness to get away from home, coupled with the natural aversion to all that is Godly, and the only in my mind to make me more hardened in after years.

I remember how I used to get my meals early so that I wouldn't be caught at prayer hour; and when I would be on my knees with the others of the family, while my father was praying, I would be cursing because he was keeping me when I wanted to be out. And the only in my church and barracks before I was saved, but never felt seriously about my sins. In fact, I remember how I used to lay on my bed at night thinking about the future, and the only in my mind that troubled me about the judgment was that people would then know how bad I had been, and one or two individuals whom I had especially injured, would find out what I had done to them. As far as I know, by looking back at the past, not a morsel of regret was ever felt by me, regarding the state of my soul, till the night I got saved. My conversion happened on the 1st of April, 1894. Jesus saved me, and I have never lost my first love, but rather have since it intensified. Father's prayers have been answered.

GO AFTER THEM.

A Backslider Followed up with Letters, Gave to the Work, and Won Millions.

Catherine, the eldest daughter of the Chief of the Staff, Mr. Bramwell Booth, together with two of her sisters, takes a deep and practical interest in the Naval and Military League. Letters and visits have been sent by her to a number of soldiers and sailors, whose names were supplied by Major Alton, the Secretary of the League. A number of interesting incidents are recounted by Miss Catherine Booth, we select the following:

When we began sending Criss we had on our list the names of three backsliders. Two of the three have come to God. Please pray for the one that is still unsaved.

Here is a letter from one of them:—"I always have the War cry in my hands, and I always like to read it. I am far away from God, which is to my sorrow. You would be surprised to know that I have read it in the stokehole many a time after I have come to work."

Judge of our joy on receiving a letter from Adj. Barrett the General's Secretary, whom we had asked to write to us. He told us that he was saved once more—

"When we arrived in Auckland, I heard that a British war vessel was in the harbor, and sent a message to the sailors that we would be pleased to see them at the General's meetings. One came. . . I got him near the front and waited until the General had finished speaking, when I told him, and made him my first catch. Glory to God!

"I asked him if he was saved. 'Yes,' he replied, 'Thank God I am; but only a fortnight. I was a miserable backslider before.'"

"Oh," I said, 'is your name?' 'Yes,' he answered, his face brightening up all over. 'Who's been telling you about me?'

"Someone who is very interested in you, thirteen thousand miles away—Miss Catherine Booth, and her sisters." He broke down completely in the crowded meeting when I told him, and cried, and said, 'She has been very kind to me.'"

"He opened his heart and told me all the story of his hesitating and shying, and how he had come back to God a fortnight before. I pressed him to get the blessing of a clean heart, and took him out to the penitent form. . . He came again with his face beaming with joy."

PEETER.

By F. R. B.

There is no other disciple of our Lord whose faults have been so prominently discussed in the Gospels as those of Peter, and doubtless many people, judging superficially, have considered him a changeable, impulsive, headstrong and cowardly man. That these charges are insupportable requires little more evidence than the statements contained in the Scriptures.

HIS WAS IMPULSIVE—there is no mistaking about this—but after all, is impulsiveness a fault? We see so much covering over, so much holding back, so much hypocrisy, that when we meet a man who is quick to speak out his convictions, it comes rather like a refreshing draught to our dull senses of observation. Whatever an impulsive man says or does we can, I think, reckon that it is his sincere conviction, and we need not fear continually that there is some unknown motive, or some hidden reservation in his mind. To my mind the very fact that the Bible is so full of references to Peter prominently than others, goes to demonstrate that he was a strong character much appreciated by Jesus Christ. We find all the best characters of God's people in the Bible have been treated in the same way. God has most clearly exposed the sins of those He has loved best, not so much with a view to excuse their sins, and to show that it is impossible to be without them, but more so for our encouragement to give us to understand that even His most powerful and trusted prophets were men of flesh and blood, and with all their possibilities to fall; and for our example, that by their sins and the subsequent punishment of them, we might profit and avoid the similar errors.

Not a Coward.

PETER WAS COURAGEOUS. It has been said that he was a coward, but that is certainly a lousy conclusion. In the first place, when Jesus chose Peter as His disciple, He read the name immediately left his ship and his father; he did not stop to bring up any objections, or advance any reasons why he should delay, or should go home first and see his friends, etc. Like some of the other disciples.

Another instance. Once, when the disciples saw Christ approaching the storm-tossed ship, walking on the waves, they were afraid, until He said, "Be not afraid, I am with you." Peter who then said, "Bid me come to Thee, and I will?" This is another evidence of his boldness. When he was bid by the Saviour to step out on the sea, he did so without hesitation, and even though he sank on account of distrust, yet he had shown certainly a great deal more courage than the remaining apostles.

A third instance. We see this clearly manifested in the garden. When the disciples fled and some only followed from afar, Peter stepped boldly forward and drew his sword in defence of his Lord. Although he was afraid, he did not let this be a hindrance to his courage, and even though he sank on account of distrust, yet he had shown certainly a great deal more courage than the remaining apostles.

A fourth instance. We see this clearly manifested in the garden. When the disciples fled and some only followed from afar, Peter stepped boldly forward and drew his sword in defence of his Lord. Although he was afraid, he did not let this be a hindrance to his courage, and even though he sank on account of distrust, yet he had shown certainly a great deal more courage than the remaining apostles.

Neither a Turncoat.

Peter is accused of being CHANGEABLE. He certainly can be very suspiciously under pressure, but as we said before, he did so simply because he recklessly placed himself in positions where he had to change or suffer beyond human endurance.

We do not excuse his flinching on these occasions, but we say there are many people who are never changeable simply because they never venture; they are always dead certain their efforts are going to be successful, and if they are not quite sure about it, they do not attempt. This is so with the great majority; it is the average man, the matter of fact man; he does not require any faith, or trust, or goodness, or courage, or courage, anyone can do what he does. But the man who risks, who dares, who trusts, who throws all the energies of his soul into one thing, which he thinks is the right thing, he will meet with difficulties; he will meet over-estimated his strength and courage sometimes, and circumstances may force him to change, but on the whole he will accomplish more for God, he will learn more from his failures, and the world will gain more good from his mistakes than they will from the mistakes of the average man. I mean lasting good, that improves character and purifies the soul.

Then, the word changeable is very elastic and is often very glibly used by people when they cannot explain anything, and they say, "Well, those of those who wish to belittle others. Some people consider that to be consistent, one must stick to the one opinion, and take one course through life, even if one becomes convinced that one is wrong, and that his opinion is damaging to others. Such a course, strictly speaking, is not consistent with rightness, and is inconsistent with change of views and opinions within certain limits is as necessary to the health of the mind as a change of clothing is to the body. We should hold an opinion only so long as we are convinced it is correct and consistent with the demands of God. As long as we are convinced of this we must hold it, but the moment circumstances or experience lead us to see inconsistency, we must change. It is inconsistent that we should accept such modifications in order to grow and develop. It is only in this way that the development of mind and strengthening of character is possible. This cannot be called changeableness, for such is an entirely different thing. It is a casting away of convictions and principles, for changeableness advises any course as any other course, and in such a sense Peter was never changeable.

In conclusion, we must judge Peter as Jesus Himself judged him. "I know this rock will I build My church," the Master said. Not the learned Paul, not even the loving John, the disciple of His bosom, but Peter was chosen as the rock. For Paul did not command the first corps of Salvationists at Jerusalem; Peter kept the small crowd of hunted disciples together. Peter preached in the first open-air, when such a tremendous number were added to the Roll Call. Peter stood like an immovable rock after the Pentecostal Baptism, when the Holy Spirit had fired every fibre of his soul, and he had taken up the great theme of Christ's life, the Salvation of Men.

Let us learn the lessons of Peter's life, and, like him, be impetuous in our love for Christ. Let us be declaring our love for Him Who has first loved us, and avoid his mistakes; viz., boasting in our own strength, and lean only on the strong arm of Jehovah.

You cannot dream yourself into a character. You must hammer and forge yourself one. — Froide.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVISE CONCERNING—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?

PROPERTY TAXES?

MORTGAGES?

INSURANCES, or

LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—

CREDITORS, or

MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service his knowledge and experience of a competent officer. Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. Steadon, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto & small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.



THE BRITISH ISLES.

The Lord Provost of Dundee, Scotland has invited 250 of the leading citizens to meet Mrs. Bramwell Booth in the Municipal Parlor, to listen to an address from her on the Rescue Work. The proceeds will benefit the local Rescue Work.

The poultry section of the Farm Colony sent some birds for exhibition to a show in Belfast, with the following results:—With six entries, five different breeds took two first prizes, two second prizes, one reserve prize, one very highly commended.

The latest English City contains the following items: Major and Mrs. Pickering have been farewelled with sincere regrets, both by officers, soldiers and comrades. May they be blessed in their new command as they have been over here. Their new command will be found in the Colonel's notes this week.

Some idea of the large proportions of the Army in Great Britain may be gathered from the fact that in the latest City there are eight officers' marriages reported, 20 promotions, 212 appointments, and 12 deaths.

UNITED STATES.

The recent Staff Councils held in New York will be looked back upon as the dawning of a new era in the States. Every Staff Officer speaks enthusiastically of them.

The Army has lost a good friend of the Rescue Work in the death of Mr. James Lowe. The following appeared in a local paper: "In view of the offerings, the family of the late Mr. James Lowe sent \$50 to the Salvation Army Rescue Home. To the envelope which contained the offering was attached a purple ribbon and a card, on which was written: 'To our dear father. A last tribute to the cause nearest his heart.'—Annie, Mabel and Robert."

Major McIntyre, an old Canadian officer, whose Headquarters are at Buffalo, is now Brigadier. We congratulate him on behalf of his many friends.

The Consul was unable, on account of sickness, to be present at the Staff Councils.

Capt. and Mrs. Coate, recently transferred to the States from Canada, have lost their darling Herbert.

Staff-Capt. Joe Ludgate is promoted Major.

"Joe the Turk" has been in jail again, and once more released. The case against him was dismissed.

GERMANY.

The German Self-Defence effort realized nearly \$5,000. This is considerably in excess of last year's.

Commissioner McKie has been increasing his Garrison accommodation. He hopes, in July, to have the greatest number of Candidates in training that have yet been got together in Germany.

At Danzig, the landlord of our barracks—who is a publican, and has his beer-hall underneath our barracks—engaged a band of musicians during Self-Defence Week, and gave a free concert in his hall every night, in the hope of attracting the people from our hall to his. The street was crowded with people listening to the music of the band and the singing in the Salvation Army hall, but while our hall was filled, the beer-hall remained empty. The Salvationists had very fine meetings. The devil overshot his mark on this occasion.

JAPAN.

Colonel Bailey recently conducted an international meeting in the Central Tabernacle, Harze. This is the largest church building in Japan. About 700 persons were present, and great interest manifested. A collection was taken up, and fifteen shillings given. This collection is reputed to be the largest ever taken from such an audience at the Central Tabernacle. The Japanese papers give very sympathetic accounts of the meeting.

The Japanese soldiers are made of the right stuff. At Kasoka camp, the soldiers heard that a concert had been given. Most of the other converts and soldiers met together at the barracks to pray for the comrades' restoration. While they were praying, he passed by the barracks; they fetched him in and continued to pray for him. When open-air time came round, they marched him off to the open-air meeting, although he still continued impatient. Thinking, however, that he might try to give them the slip at the open-air, two comrades went to a neighborhood where they suspected he would come; and, sure enough, along came this backslider, whereupon they seized him and marched him to the barracks, where he got properly restored to the favor of God.

INDIA.

Brigadier Yuddha Rai and Ensigns Rupal Rai, Vlasbi, and Ensign Pharoa and wife left Bombay on May 20th, by the steamship "Bulawayo," for England. They are on a well-merited furlough.

The Village Banks in India are doing good work, as the following incident, which took place in the Rambhikanna Division, shows: "A soldier, who is a member of the Bank, recently lost her husband, who was a terrible drunkard and gambler. Through his intemperance he was obliged to mortgage all his lands, which were valuable, for about 300 rupees, upon which he had to pay about three hundred per cent. interest. On his death the money-lender claimed settlement from the wife, knowing she had no money to meet the demand, and had also set on foot a scheme to prevent anyone in the village lending her the money to redeem the property, so that the money-lender would come in for the valuable property for the pithy sum of three hundred rupees. This would have meant ruin and starvation for the poor woman and her children. In the meantime the bank opened in this village, she became a member, borrowed the necessary amount from the Bank, redeemed her lands, and mortgaged the same to the Bank, which advanced her the money she needed at the rate of eight per cent."

SWEDEN.

A large and beautiful house has been bought to be used for a Rescue Home. The price is 27,000 kr., which is to be paid by the 1st of October.

A wide-spread chance of D. O. took place in May, affecting several cities. Several new Districts were opened.

During the short time the Rescue Work has existed in Sweden, 700 girls have gone through the Homes, and 70 per cent. are satisfactory, many of them are saved and sanctified.

Preparations are being made for the Summer Congress, which will take place in the beginning of July.

A feast in honor of the General's birthday was held at Gothenburg 1st, and Major Martin enrolled the General's Birthday Brigade, which consisted of 25 recruits. Great enthusiasm prevailed.

At the international farewell meeting in the Temple, seven Staff Officers farewelled for India, Denmark and Finland, and seventeen cadets got their first marching orders for the Swedish field.

NORWAY.

The Chief of the Staff held a large meeting for soldiers and recruits during his recent visit.

The S. A. Exhibition to be held in London will have a party from Norway.

FINLAND.

The Chief of the Staff has promoted Adj. Forsblom to the rank of Staff-Captain.

The Headquarters' Sewing Society opened its sale of work in May.

BRITISH GUIANA.

Staff-Capt. Wilgery conducted some very encouraging meetings on board the ships of the American Fleet which called at Barbados.

At Barbados there are thirty-three companies of Juniors, with an attendance of 280 children, and three Bands of Love.

Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.—Thomas A. Kempis.

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Nothing is impossible. There is nothing impossible. There are ways which lead to everything, and if we had sufficient will—we could find them. —Roche fortcauld.

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The common problem, yours, mine, is not to fancy what were fair in life. Provided it could be; Then find how to make it fair—Up to our measure—a very different thing. —Brownrigg.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts' VISIT TO SHERBROOKE.

I have been requested to write up a report for the War Cry re Lieut.-Colonel Margetts' visit. As it is not in my line of business you will have to excuse me if I do not fill the bill.

The meeting opened with a song from the Soldiers' Song Book, followed by prayer, singing and testimonies. The Lieut.-Colonel was introduced for the first time to a Sherbrooke audience by the D. O., who filled the chair admirably. As the Colonel remarked to the audience, he was under the control of the ladies, so he had to be obedient. The Colonel sang, and the song was all right; it was the cake. The lad from the Emerald Isle spoke, as did also Capt. Patten, Lieut. Burch and others. The Colonel sang another solo, read a few verses from the Word, and then proceeded with his address. The meeting was very much appreciated, although there were no visible results in souls being saved. God was present and eternally no doubt will show some fruit of the meeting. Come again, Colonel.—N. C.

RECEPTION

Of Major and Mrs. Turner, and a Hal-lelujah Wedding at Lippincott St.

The newly-promoted Major and his wife were duly welcomed at an officers' council, at which I was privileged to be present on Wednesday afternoon. From the hearty testimonies that were given, I concluded that the officers were well saved and a spiritually healthy lot of men and women, and judging from their warm words of welcome, they evidently did not want very much persuading that Major and Mrs. Turner were the right people in the right place.

The Major and his wife each gave a welcome address, which went down like ice-cream on a hot day. Brigadier Gaskin piloted the meeting, and ventured a few remarks in his characteristic style. Lieut.-Brissay had provided a nice tea for the officers, and we were favored with the presence of our devoted Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs. After the tea the Colonel duly and officially installed Major Turner in his office, and enlarged upon his relationship to the Central Ontario Province.

The public meeting at night was rendered doubly interesting by the fact that in addition to it being the public reception to Major and Mrs. Turner, it was also the wedding of Miss Cleaver and John Shaw. The Chief Secretary conducted the proceedings in his usual up-to-date fashion.

113 Years.

Major Collier read a few verses of Scripture and commented thereon. Then came the Articles of Marriage, to which the bridal pair responded with energy, for they came to the front like a young man and maiden, and did not show any trace of being enfeebled by their united 113 years' journey through life's highway. The speeches which followed were lively, interesting and humorous. They were especially relished by the very large audience, which applauded to their hearts' content.

Then came the public reception of our new Chiefs of Staff. The Colonel spoke in eulogistic terms of the spirit and work of our new comrades. Mrs. Turner spoke from her heart in, shall I say, a truly womanly style. The Major's address was humorous, ancient and modern, dealt with the past and prospect of the future, and was a lot from every point of view.

Brigadier Gaskin, the P. O., welcomed the Major and his wife on behalf of the Central Ontario Province in a vigorous speech.

I will stop now and refrain from speaking about the heavy hand-shakes received by the bridal pair and the new "chance" from many admiring friends, and will also leave you to guess how very appetizing was the ice-cream after a hot and crowded meeting.—An Old-Time Soldier.

Three Years' Work

ANNIVERSARY OF THE WOMEN'S RESCUE WORK IN THE AMBITIOUS CITY.

Major Teetzel Presides—Ministers of Four Denominations Speak of the Work—Influential Gathering—Deep Interest—Practical Sympathy.

THE third anniversary of the inauguration of the Rescued Women in Hamilton was held in the S. A. Citadel on the 20th and 21st of May. It was by far the most important and influential gathering that has ever taken place in connection with the Rescued Women in that city.

Saturday night was announced as a welcome to our Women's Social Secretary, Brigadier Mrs. Read, and her supporters, Major Stewart and Capt. Easton, and the good crowd of soldiers and friends present extended a most hearty welcome.

Adjutant Moore expressed a warm welcome to the visitors, after which Mrs. Read took hold of the meeting, and although far from well, so threw her whole soul into it that a lasting impression must have been made on the mind and hearts of those who listened to her words.

Ensign Fletcher sang a solo, and in his usual frank way expressed his pleasure at the presence of the visitors, also referring to the life of the late Brigadier Read. Major Stewart and Captain Easton added a few words of personal testimony and earnest appeal. Everything seemed favorable for our Sunday meetings. The weather was all that could be desired, and a goodly number gathered for kneecrill, and were refreshed and strengthened for the battle of the day.

The Holiness meeting was also a blessed time of inspiration. Captain Easton and Ensign Fletcher sang, Major Stewart spoke, and Mrs. Read took for her subject "Consecration," speaking from the words, "Ye shall receive power," making it very clear to the minds of those present what was meant by the text, and urging them then and there to comply with the conditions.

The Social Gathering.

Our anniversary proper was the Sunday afternoon meeting, and the burning words spoken by those who took part will long be remembered by all who were present.

Major Teetzel presided at this gathering. When His Worship and Mrs. Teetzel, Brigadier Mrs. Read, Governor Ogilvie, and a number of the city ministers took their places on the platform, a splendid crowd filled the hall. Many leading citizens and philanthropic workers were present, while the attentive audience stayed on for two hours with unabated interest.



Major Teetzel, Hamilton.

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus," was the cry of Adjutant Moore, and sang heartily by the congregation. Rev. Mr. Gould led in prayer. The Mayor rose to his feet, and after the volley and applause of greeting had somewhat subsided, he said in the highest terms the work done by the S. A., saying "that among all the philanthropic schemes set on foot during this century, he considered none of any value that that originated by General Booth. He referred to the great Social Meeting lately held in the

Mansion House, and said whereas the Army was once derided by rich and poor, it was now recognized by all classes. For himself, he felt that Hamilton could not do without the Army, and he would use his influence to get a larger grant for support of local work next year, if desired. He then called upon Mrs. Read, who, thinking the chairman heartily for the warm words of commendation he had just spoken, proceeded to explain the character of the work carried on by the Women's Social Department in the Dominion. Mrs. Read gave many incidents proving the need of this work, also taking up and answering the question, "Do these institutions make the way of evil-doers easier?" Mrs. Read also gave the report of the three years' work, and concluded by thanking the citizens in the name of the Commissioner for the liberal support given Mr. Jordan, and continued to the new Matron, Ensign Kerr.



Rev. Dr. Davis, Pastor Congregational Church, Hamilton.

Rev. Mr. Davis, a friend of the Army in this city, was the next speaker. Although he could not be a Salvationist himself, he much appreciated the work the Army did. Many years ago, when others ridiculed, he said, "I am just what you need. The day had come when all is changed, and the Army is doing a work the churches cannot do. He had watched and studied the different phases of the work, and saw how they were owned and blessed of God. While political economists were talking of what ought to be done, the S. A. had taken hold of the problem and had been doing something.

Governor Ogilvie,

of the County Jail, was next called upon. He commenced by asking if it were necessary for citizens to support such a home? He considered it was. Some time ago when he had his doubts about the utility of the Army work, he went to Toronto, looked into and examined the work there, was satisfied himself that the institutions were well and systematically managed, by good, trained and tested officers, who had given themselves to the work. He had no doubt now, whatever of the work being beneficial, and considered it cheaper even, from an economical standpoint, to care for these girls in this way than pay for their maintenance in Government institutions. He felt that these people could not have better influence thrown upon them than at the Army Homes. "The Governor then quoted unimpeachable statistics, showing that in 1887 and 1888 there were 232 women and 46 girls committed to the Hamilton Jail. In 1897 and 1898 there were but 136 women and 22 girls. For this he had been looking around for causes, and attributes it to the faithful work done by the Army and other like workers. "I want to say this before taking my seat," he continued, "that the recognition of that one character, referred to by Mrs. Read, so well-known to almost everyone in the city, and to the authorities in particular, is enough to pay the citizens for every copper the Home has ever cost them." (Applause.)

The chairman rose at this juncture and asked for a collection to aid the work. He said, "This is a great investment, and everyone should invest all they can spare in it."

H. J. Hines, Evangelist, sang "To Jesus I will say, Who will part with all my work while a liberal offering was taken up.

Rev. Mr. Emerson expressed his satisfaction at seeing the Chief Magistrate of the city in the chair, and he was glad to know that while Mayor Teetzel was so interested in having good roads all over the city, he was also interested in the moral road his people travelled, for the S. A. is a road leading people up from the lowest condition to higher ground.

He was interested in the Rescued Home, for he lived near the Home, and was familiar with the work done. He had been interested in the S. A. ever since finding the General, many years ago. "The S. A. had quick healing," they heard the word many years ago, "So, go work."

Rev. Mr. Jansen, Presbyterian, was very much interested in work done by social institutions. He thought it was the work of good Samaritans. Hoped himself to be a Captain, or something higher, some day. Prayed the day might never come when the Army would get too high for the work entrusted to them.

Rev. W. P. Wilson, Methodist, the last speaker, pointed out of the few moments left him to pour forth a volley of shot and shell, that awoke all present to a fuller consciousness of the crying need of this city, for more Rescued work. He believed in the Army and in the principles which governed its institutions. While he had no patience with men who made Rescued Homes a necessity, still he thanked God that something was done for the victims.

He assured the Army that while they filled their God-given position the best, wisest and most honored of every hand would be at their back.

The splendid gathering dispersed at five o'clock.

Hamilton's press is always generous to the Army, and each paper gave glowing reports.

Salvation Service.

On Sunday night we had with us the Evangelists H. J. and T. Hines, who added very materially to the interest of the meeting. Major Stewart spoke of her entire consecration to the interests of the Kingdom, and her delight in the work of Capt. Peacock and Capt. Hest. After singing solos, after which Mrs. Read took up the subject of the evening, "Profit and Loss," and spoke from the words, "Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel." She carried her audience with her, and brought them face to face with the realities of eternity in such a way that none could leave that meeting as careless as they had entered. "O yes, God is with us with us all through the Anniversary gatherings, and eternally alone will reveal the work accomplished.

Moncton's Anniversary.

Brigadier Pugmire sends us the following clipping from a Moncton newspaper:—

"The Moncton Corps of the Salvation Army fittingly celebrated its fourteenth anniversary yesterday. In addition to a number of district officers from the surrounding corps, there were present Brigadier Pugmire, and Staff-Captain Taylor, of St. John, who had charge of the services of the day. These two officers were met at the depot by the local Salvation Army band, on the arrival of the morning train from St. John, and escorted with reverential honors to the barracks. An open-air meeting was held at the corner of Main and Robbison streets in the afternoon, and another service held in the barracks in the evening, both led by Brigadier Pugmire, assisted by Staff-Captain Taylor. At the close of the evening service a sale of ice cream took place in the hall. The services were well attended, and the celebration was very successful. The local band, which deserves praise for its work, considering the short time it had been in existence, was in evidence during the day, at the hall and in the nurseries."

If you would be pungent, be brief: for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.—Southey.

XXXXX

Whoever is mean in his youth runs a great risk of being a scoundrel in riper years. Meanness leads to villainy with fatal attraction.—Cherbury.



Sister Mrs. Christie

Promoted from Millbrook Corps to a Mansion Above.

We extend the sympathy of the corps and surrounding community to Bro. James Christie and his three little ones in their sad bereavement, and earnestly pray that our heavenly Father may cheer their lonesome home.

About three weeks previous to her death Mrs. Christie had the joy of knowing that her three little ones—Alice, May, and Maud—had come out to our public penitent form and confessed Christ as their personal Saviour. Mrs. Christie went to Toronto on Monday morning to undergo an operation, and on Sunday, when we came in off the march, we heard that during the morning her spirit had fled to Jesus.

Mrs. Christie was converted under Capt. Magee, her husband under Captains Downey and Jones.

On Wednesday we met at the house to offer our last farewell to our departed comrade. We went from there to the grave, and as we saw the coffin gently lowered in mother earth, we realized all was over all! We met at the grand Roll Call—Alberti Roman.

Snaredrummer Eddie Peacock,

Of Peterboro Corps, Promoted to Glory.

Twenty Souls at His Memorial Service—His Father Leads the Way.

God, in His love and wisdom, has taken from our ranks below, to swell the hosts above, one of the members of the Peterboro band, Eddie Peacock. For a number of years he has been the snare drummer. He was converted when a mere child.

Some months ago he became ill and was taken to the hospital with what seemed to be fever. His mother came to Peterboro, the family having removed to Aurora a few months previous, to give him the care a mother could. He rallied enough to be taken home, but never fully recovered, and on Saturday, May 31st, at 1 p.m., his spirit went to be with God. His body was brought out to Peterboro Saturday evening, and on Sunday his funeral took place.

After the afternoon meeting the evening service, held at the office of the Aurora corps, where a service was held. Hundreds had gathered and listened tearfully to song and testimony. A service was also held around the grave, and as the band, Brooks and Sergeant, conducted the service of the life of our young comrade hearts were moved and when the crowd that surrounded the grave was asked to raise their hands in answer to the Lord's help, to meet him in heaven, a large number responded. In the evening a memorial service was conducted in the barracks. Several comrades spoke feelings of his life, and at the close 20 souls—Seniors and Juniors—came to the penitent form. Eddie's father was the first to respond to the invitation. On the question then asked, "Who will volunteer to take Eddie's place?" his father rose and said, "I will take his place."

During his illness he often conversed with his mother and the officers of the Aurora corps concerning his soul's condition, and always had a bright testimony. He was delighted when he heard of his elder brother's conversion a few months ago in Peterboro.

He sent his dying message to some of his young comrades in Peterboro, asking them to give their hearts to God, which one of them did at the memorial service saying in his testimony he was going to meet Eddie in Heaven.—Adolf, Alkneud.

Hustlers' Rendezvous

**SOUTHALL, ON ARAB,
STILL IN FRONT.**

Positions Remain as Usual.

MAJOR McMILLAN PULLING UP WELL

When Will Nigger's Day Come Round Again?

A FEW NOTELETS.

1. Will Nigger ever earn his oats again?
2. Is Arab to remain for ever unbeaten?
3. Can it be possible that Mag will always be just a few steps behind Arab?
4. Is it possible to beat Capt. Hellman's sale of 270?
5. Has Major McMillan hopes of winning that medal?
6. Will any one bomber dare slacken speed because of the hot weather?

(How would "NO" do for an answer to each question? If you don't like it that way, try "YES"; and if you don't like it then, why just put your own answer.)

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"Oft in the still night," or, how Blandier Gable's dreams are disturbed since he lost his laurels. Will he not heed the loud call?

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Capt. Thompson, of Campbellton, N. B., informs me that "people like the City around here, from the Mayor down." Well, of course they do, I lay myself open to the charge of self-praise, I know, but I must say in all sincerity, that, as a religious weekly, the War Cry has no superior.

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My esteemed comrade, P. S. M. Beall, of St. Catharines, is alive yet. He is bringing the War Cry into prominence, but I mistake not. A rise of 15 is healthy, and speaks for itself. St. Kitts, can you do any better?

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What's the matter with this suggestion? Why can't our brave P. S. M. arrange a little council with the Serjeants, by way of encouragement. Have a few words and throw out a few hints on War Cry selling, etc.; then a little prayer, and, lastly, pass around the oranges, etc., not forgetting the ice cream. Try it.

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Once more hats off to Capt. Hellman, the Champion Hustler of the Territory. Where's the War at this time? I understood they could get ahead of anybody. Can they?

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Major McMillan, of Winnipeg, has a good boomers' list this week.

Capt. McNaney, a boomer from East Ontario, is on rest for a while.

The special Boomers' Cry is still in the near future.

You haven't got to be a commissioned Sergeant in order to sell War Cry. A convert can get to work at it.

This is poetry :-

War Cry for me,
Let me never be without it;
War Cry for me,
That's the way I feel.

Mother Lewis, a veteran Montreal I. boomer, is unable to get at her loved work. Sympathy from me, Mother.

Where are Hamilton I. boomers this week?

Watch Blandier Howell's list. How it grows!

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

92 Hustlers.

CAPT. HELLMAN, Brantford	270
MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock	225
LIET. PYFE, Clinton	123
ENSGN OTTAWAY, Guelph	105
CAPT. GIBSON, Sarula	105
MRS. ADRI. HUGHES, Stratford	105
LIET. Carr, Windsor	94
Capt. Hollett, Tilsonburg	88
S. M. Hoar, Wingham	88
LIET. Horwood, Petrolia	85
Capt. Hoddinott, Stratford	80
Sister G. Yeomans, Chatham	80
ENSGN Scott, Galt	73
S. M. Dickson, St. Thomas	73
LIET. Pickle, St. Thomas	70
LIET. Sitzer, Dresden	70
LIET. Copeman, Seatonville	65
LIET. Smith, Woodville	65
Cand. Carey, Ridgeway	65
Capt. Coe, Guelph	62
Capt. Freeman, Ingersoll	60
LIET. Klinger, Wyoming	60
Cand. Wilcox, Wingham	60
Sister Foster, Petrolia	58
Sister Schmidt, Paris	55
Sergt. Major Allan, Mitchell	54
Sergt. Brindley, Goderich	50
LIET. Giesey, Wingham	50
Sister McCubbin, Leamington	45
Ida Thompson, Sarnia	44
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	43
Sergt. M. Ross, Goderich	41
Capt. Lees, Norwalk	41
Capt. Pynn, Palmerston	40
S. M. Dearling, Hespeler	40
Sister Liebrook, Leamington	35
Bro. Benn, Walkburg	35
Sergt. Graham, Thamesville	35
Capt. McDonald, Drayton	35
Capt. Liston, Watford	35
Sergt. Schuster, Berlin	35
Sergt. Livins, Ingersoll	30
ENSGN Giesey, Wingham	30
Sergt. Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	30
Sister Milton, Strathroy	30
Capt. McCutcheon, Ridgeway	30
Mrs. ENSIGN McHarg, Windsor	30
Capt. Hiley, Brantford	30
Adj. Coombs, Brantford	30
ENSGN McKeuzie, Berlin	30
P. S. M. Mrs. Noe, Ingersoll	25
Sergt. Major Scott, Guelph	25
Capt. Keeler, St. North	25
Capt. Green, Simcoe	25
Sec. Gifford, Simcoe	25
LIET. Hodgson, Goderich	25
Sergt. Brundell, Kingston	25
LIET. Munford, Watford	25
Sergt. Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	25
Capt. Mathers, Listowel	24
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Blenheim	24
Sister Coppins, St. Thomas	24
Capt. Eley, Woodville	24
Mrs. ENSIGN McKeuzie, Berlin	24
Bro. Christopher, Dresden	24
ENSGN Orchard, Palmerston	24
Capt. Hoversoll, Forest	20
LIET. Baird, Theford	20
LIET. Winters, Bothwell	20
Capt. Bonny, Bothwell	20
Sister White, Walkerton	20
Mrs. Lait, Brantford	20
Bro. Musgrove, Wroter	20
Mrs. Smith, Tilsonburg	20
Edna Quick, Strathroy	20
Mrs. McLeary, St. Thomas	20
Carry McQueen, St. Thomas	20
Sister G. Crafts, Chatham	20
Sister Roublillard, Chatham	20
Sister A. Hills, Blenheim	20
Mrs. McQuinn, Blenheim	20
Mrs. Laid, Essex	20
Sergt. Major Howlett, Petrolia	20
Mrs. Cutting, Essex	20
Capt. Dowell, Essex	20
Mrs. McAffery, Essex	20
Mrs. Laid, Essex	20
LIET. Crawford, Bayfield	20
Capt. Slat, Hespeler	20

Sergt. Major Rose, Hespeler 20
ENSGN McHarg, Windsor 20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

88 Hustlers.

LIET. BROOKETS, Ottawa	132
CAPT. LALONDE, St. Johnsburg	131
SENGT. DUDLEY, Ottawa	115
CAPT. CONNORS, Arnprior	110
S. M. PERKINS, Barre	110
LIET. SYMONDS, St. Johnsburg	106
SISTER JENNIE BLOSS, Pembroke	103
CAPT. WILSON, Newport	100
Capt. French, Peterboro	95
S. M. Symonds, Kingston	92
Capt. Williams, St. Albans	86
LIET. Butcher, Cornwall	85
Adj. Ogilvie, Sherbrooke	80
LIET. Williams, Kemptonville	75
Adj. Goodwin, Ottawa	75
LIET. Almon, Brockville	75
Capt. O'Neill, Morrisburg	70
ENSGN Stalger, Belleville	69
Capt. Norman, Napanee	68
Capt. Green, Tweed	66
Sergt. Thompson, Brockville	61
Capt. Crego, Gananoque	63
LIET. Norman, Gananoque	62
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	58
LIET. Woods, Napanee	55
ENSGN Sims, Petrolia	55
Capt. McIntyre, Renfrew	50
Capt. Findley, Bloomfield	50
Capt. Brown, Perth	50
Capt. Wynand, Ottawa	50
Sister Bushley, Burlington	50
Sergt. Richea, Montreal IV.	50
LIET. Liddell, Perth	50
Sister Mrs. Stone, Lakefield	50
LIET. Hickman, Prescott	48
Capt. Patton, Kingston	48
Sister Grace Hudgins, Picton	47
Sister Lydia Phelps, Picton	47
LIET. Randall, Belleville	47
Sergt. Carter, Trenton	44
Capt. Beardsley, Deseronto	44
Capt. Grose, Brighton	43
Capt. Downey, Montreal II.	40
Capt. Tuck, Millbrook	39
LIET. Yake, Millbrook	39
Capt. Bushley, Burlington	39
LIET. McFarlane, Cobourg	37
Capt. Huxtable, Brockville	36
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	36
Sister Mrs. Barber, Burlington	33
Capt. Downey, Kingston	33
Sergt. Coggins, Kingston	33
Bro. Phillips, Barre	33
ENSGN Kendall, Quebec	32
Capt. Jones, Montreal II.	32
Sister Caldwell, Montreal I.	32
Cand. Crozier, Montreal I.	30
P. S. M. Scuton, Montreal I.	30
P. S. M. Mattice, Cornwall	30
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal II.	30
Capt. Stueh, Prescott	30
Capt. Crego, Trenton	30
Adj. Blackburn, Port Hope	30
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	28
LIET. Ludlow, Peterboro	25
Capt. Vance, Peterboro	25
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Port Hope	25
Mrs. Capt. Brindley, Campbellford	25
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Montreal I.	25
Sister Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	25
Capt. Ovesey, Sandburg	24
Capt. Stahlforth, Cobourg	24
Sister Mrs. Wentworth, Kingston	24
LIET. Young, Burlington	24
P. S. S. M. Thomson, Port Hope	24
Capt. Stueh, Prescott	24
LIET. Henrues, Barre	24
Capt. Brindley, Campbellford	24
Sister Mrs. Greuce, Peterboro	24
Sergt. McNaney, Kingston	20
Capt. Nellie, Port Hope	20
Cadet Weir, Montreal	20
Cand. Rutledge, Montreal	20
ENSGN Yerey, Montreal	20
Sister Lucy Hacker, Cornwall	20
LIET. New, Morrisburg	20
Dad Duquette, Trenton	20
Bro. Hecsey, Barre	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

10 Hustlers.

CAPT. HANNA, Brampton	100
Capt. Mohanmoud, Collingwood	33
William Piers, Temple	30
Capt. Charlton, Owen Sound	70
Mrs. Bowbeer, Lisgar St.	63
Sister Grafton, Temple	60
Capt. Williams, Newmarket	60
Capt. Boss, New Toronto	54
Cadet Trickey, Richmond St.	51
Capt. M. Stephens, North Bay	50
LIET. J. McLennan, North Bay	50
Adj. Vignine, Lindsay	50
Mrs. Capt. McLeand, Midland	45
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	41
Cadet Calvert, Richmond St.	41
Bro. Dixon, Temple	40
Sister Mrs. Knappe	40
LIET. L. Bond, Sudbury	40
A. Sherwin, Sudbury	40
LIET. Craig, Meaford	40
Capt. Linné, Meaford	40
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound	40
Capt. W. White, Huntsville	40

Cadet Cook, Lippincott	38
Cadet Yanda, Lippincott	38
Capt. Rowe, Newmarket	37
LIET. Meeks, Newmarket	36
P. S. M. Beall, St. Catharines	36
LIET. Howcroft, Parry Sound	35
ENSGN Wynn, Riverside	35
Adj. Searr, Bracebridge	35
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville	32
Capt. Wiseman, Oakville	30
Sergt. Major Hinton, Oakville	30
Capt. Bowers, Oakville	30
LIET. Dales, Orillia	30
Capt. Nelson, Uxbridge	30
LIET. Crego, Aurora	30
Mrs. Medlock, Temple	30
Sister Truquil, Temple	30
Mother Stanton, Oakville	30
Sergt. Gray, Midland	30
Cadet Harman, Richmond St.	28
Sergt. Major Reynolds, Stroud	28
Cadet Knuckie, Lippincott	27
Cadet Post, Richmond St.	27
Capt. Gummage, Little Current	25
LIET. Huskinson, Little Current	25
Sister L. Taylor, Hamilton II.	25
Sergt. Shelly, Lisgar St.	25
LIET. Fitch, Hamilton II.	25
Sister Bolton, Temple	25
Cadet Carwardine, Lippincott	24
LIET. P. B. Young, Kilmount	24
Father Curry, Hamilton II.	23
ENSGN Sims, Petrolia	23
Capt. O'Neill, Fenelon Falls	23
Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside	23
LIET. Liddard, Collingwood	23
Sister Richards, St. Catharines	22
Sergt. Major Courtenauche, Norland	22
Bro. Bradley, Temple	22
Capt. Welch, Dovercourt	22
Capt. Patten, Peterboro	22
Capt. Capper, Orangeville	20
LIET. Edwards, Orangeville	20
Capt. Fisher, Chesley	20
ENSGN Fox, Lisgar St.	20
Capt. Fitch, Lisgar St.	20
Cadet Ash, Lippincott	20
Bro. F. Doult, Sudbury	20
Sergt. Mrs. Mays, Bracebridge	20
Sergt. Shupson, Yorkville	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

50 Hustlers.

SISTER GRAHAM, Halifax I.	101
MRS. ENSIGN PARSONS, Sydney	147
CAPT. GOODWIN, Charlottetown	149
SISTER WHITE, Houlton	125
CAPT. JACKSON, Halifax I.	120
LIET. FATHALLAH, St. Stephen	105
CAPT. THOMPSON, Campbellton	100
LIET. Lebas, St. John I.	94
Bro. Kelly, St. Georges, Ber.	92
LIET. Hawbold, Sussex	90
Cadet Tru, St. John I.	90
P. S. M. Harroon, Charlottetown	80
Capt. Bradbury, New Glasgow	75
LIET. Armstrong, St. John II. (average)	65
Sergt. Frey, St. John I.	60
LIET. Bane, Truro	60
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	55
Capt. Pittman, Westville	50
Capt. Clark, North Sydney	50
Sister Dearn, Fairville	50
Sister Mary, North Sydney	50
Mrs. Capt. Parsons, Parrsboro	50
Mrs. Capt. Knight, Woodstock	50
Capt. Fancey, Truro	49
LIET. Hinson, Kentville	49
Sergt. Clark, North Sydney	48
Adj. Byers, New Glasgow	46
Sec. Pike, North Sydney	42
Bro. Read, St. John I.	40
Sergt. Moore, Halifax I.	40
Sister Mary, North Sydney	40
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton, Ber.	40
Capt. Sabine, St. Stephen	35
Sister Williams, New Glasgow	35
Sister Pettis, New Glasgow	35
Sister Mary, North Sydney	35
ENSGN Wright, Chatham	33
Sister Musgrave, North Sydney	30
Capt. Davies, Bridgewater	30
Sergt. Pitcher, Sydney	30
Capt. Knight, Westville	30
Sister Caldwell, Halifax I.	20
LIET. McLeod, Westville	25
Sister Engman, Chatham	25
Capt. Ginnivan, St. John I.	21
Sister Rowley, New Glasgow	20
LIET. Mowbray, Bridgewater	20
Bro. Crawford, St. John II. (average)	20
Sergt. Tilley, St. John II. (average)	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

48 Hustlers.

LIET. LLOYD, Butte	103
CAPT. HAAS, Rossland	100
MRS. CAPT. HOOKER, Kaslo	100
LIET. TRACY, Ammonia	115
Sister Hamman, Butte	115
CAPT. NOBLE, Billings	102
MRS. CAPT. BROWN, Lewiston	100
LIET. Langill, Helena	82
LIET. Betts, Kamloops	80
Sister Wright, Kamloops	80
Sister Lewis, Victoria	75

A Good Shepherd:

OR,

What a Salvation Army Captain Should Be.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER V.

Dear Sir, In my duty as a shepherd, I think I have mentioned before that from the middle of May till the middle of October, I am troubled very much with the maggots in the sheep's skins. This is owing to the nasty, yucky old wool the sheep has on their backs, which stinks. The flies smell it, and so they lay their eggs in those places, and in a few hours these eggs are turned into maggots, and if these are not destroyed, in three days the sheep is eaten to death. Sometimes, in stormy weather, there will be thirty or forty such sheep in one flock, and amongst 50, and so you may think that I have to watch my sheep very closely in order to keep them from being eaten up.

I must pass on to the end of May. Then comes the sheep-washing, which is a very tiresome work for the poor shepherd, as he has to be up very early in the morning to get all the sheep to the water, and then to wash them. So other men come to work, or by the time that they are ready to commence washing.

Would to God that all human sheep were willing to be washed in the precious Blood of Christ! What rejoicing there would be among the angels in Heaven!

I must mention that, between the washing and the shearing, the maggot-fly is more busy than at any other time; and it is just the same with the human sheep. As soon as the man or woman has been washed in the Blood of God, the devil attacks them in a determined manner; but as soon as they are sheared, or, in other words, as soon as they have consecrated themselves to the devil, the devil has got anywhere to lay his eggs in. In other words, as soon as the human sheep turns his back on the edge of the fold, and starts off with a determined step to the middle of the fold, he leaves their whole heart and soul stayed upon God, that makes the devil scratch his head, because that is the way to give him a good thrashing.

I must pass on the sheep-shearing, which is a very important operation, and one that is looked forward to for some time by the shepherd, as it takes a heavy burden off him. As soon as after the old coat is taken off, there is, as I have said before, nowhere for the maggot-fly to lay his eggs in. But still the shepherd has no chance to breathe over a victory, because there is another battle close at his heels. So it may be with a good Captain of the Salvation Army, who, by his loving and willing service in his station, has won the parents and brought them out of bondage, and into the fold of Christ, where the devil has no more power over them. But then he will sneer and say, "If I have lost you, I will have a bat at your children, and I will work in them till I can get you back again!"

It is much the same with the poor shepherd, for as sure as the sheep are shorn, the cunningly cunning devil do anything with them, they will attack the lambs, and so he is worried with this trouble in the lambs till the winter comes, and then the lambs are killed, and they are dipped into a lot of sulphur and arsenic and other ingredients, that these flies do not like, and by this means the shepherd is freed from his trouble for a little while. But no sooner are the lambs all right than the sheep's wool is grown again, so that the flies make another attack upon them.

I may mention that there is a difference between the human sheep and the natural sheep as regards shearing. The natural sheep are only shorn once a year, but the human sheep of the Salvation Army have a shearing time twice a week—Friday nights and Sunday mornings—when, if there is a bit of the old wool remaining belonging to the devil, the Great Shearer is willing to cut it off if the sheep is willing to part with it.

There are some of the natural flock that never get shorn, and they are those who are born with pure skins, for when the skin is pure the wool that grows through the pure skin is pure also, and these flies will have nothing to do with that which is pure and sweet.

Sometimes I have a sheep or a lamb that I find struck with these flies every morning, perhaps, for a week. Although I keep applying the lotion to kill them, they find fresh places to lay their eggs in, and I say sometimes, "I suppose the maggots will pick your bones in spite of all my efforts to stop them." Still, they have to be followed up from day to day, till, bye-and-bye, the shepherd gains the victory, and the fly leaves that sheep; but not without leaving a mark behind that causes him a lot of trouble, as, where they keep gnawing, the sheep's skin time after time—the lotion also, that has to be applied in order to kill them, being a deadly poison—the skin turns rotten, and the wool and rotted skin comes off, leaving a great sore place, and this being in the heat of summer, the smaller sort of flies pitch on it and tease the poor sheep fearfully. They either scratch those sore places or bite them, according to where they are, and where it cannot reach to scratch, it will gnaw with its teeth, and so it has a sore place for months. But it is not only of like this that the shepherd has to see after out of, perhaps, 600 sheep that he has under his care. Sometimes he has forty with sore places on them that have to be dressed every day, besides other forty or fifty maggoty ones that have to be attended to, and perhaps forty or fifty lame ones to dress. Out of the hundred beasts that are under his charge, perhaps some have sore places, and he fences into another farmer's field, or perhaps into his own corn fields; or perhaps two or three of the lots of beasts have to be moved from field to field, and has to drive the sheep to the field, and other beasts are, and of course this cannot be done without getting them mixed together, and if so, the shepherd and his dog have to part them.

There is one more matter that I should like to bring before you with regard to my duties, and that is a very important one. I have told you about the fly striking the sheep, but I have not fully explained to you how very careful the shepherd has to be in examining the sheep, because if there is one that is over-looked, we will say today, that is a number of maggoty in it, that bunch will keep gnawing at the skin of the sheep all night, and on the morrow there will be a great raw place. But supposing it is careless shepherd over-looked, and after those sheep, and who will not pay enough attention to them in the morning to notice this one, it would, perhaps, be missing the next day, when the sheep are like this they get away and lie down in a ditch or behind a tree somewhere out of sight, and there they lie and let themselves be eaten to death, if they are not missed and hunted up.

I often think if the shepherds of the human flock were half as much in earnest for the souls' welfare of their flock as the human sheep, what a change there would be through the world to-day! In fifteen years' shepherding I have only lost one sheep and one lamb from maggots, and those I lost in the early days of my experience; but if I were not careful in counting and examining my sheep, I should lose scores in a year.

But when I count them in a field and miss the one, two, or three, or what there may be missing, I set off at once to find them. I don't let them remain until after breakfast, I may hear fresh orders from my master, and so those missing sheep may be forgotten and left till the next day in this state, and by that time they would be so badly eaten that if they were not dead already they would have to be killed.

The devil is the maggot-fly, and he knows where the place is that stinks in the skin of the sheep. As soon as the person is converted to God, the devil works in a determined manner to find where there is a little bit of the old wool that he may get his eggs in. If, however, the human sheep will allow themselves to be shorn down close to the skin, there will be no place left for the devil, and he will have no standing ground. If the ground his teeth, because he is complete-

ly beaten. But with regard to the shearing of the human flock, there are so many that want to be partly shorn. They are willing to be shorn where it cannot be noticed by the world; but that is where they make the mistake. They want left on just what should be cut off, and that is just where the devil gains the victory, because they allow themselves to be ruled by him. We must be willing to be shorn all over, and close to the skin, before we can enjoy perfect peace in our souls. But there are a great many who are afraid of being laughed at for being shorn, maggoty sheep of the devil's fold. But when I was shorn close, two years ago, the dear Lord did not leave me naked, He clothed me with a robe of righteousness, and enabled me to stand upon the platform and tell my old companions what, for Christ's sake, He had done for my soul. And, more than that, not only on the platform, but on the farm where I work, those who without plenty of persecution, not only from my workmates, but from my masters and a lot of other gentlemen who were earning farming; and who would follow me up and try to tease me, either out in the fields, or even when I was in the men's house having my dinner, on purpose to set the men on, as well as themselves, to try and upset me. But it was of no use, because I was soundly saved, and though I am watched very closely, I am kept by the Holy Spirit of God, and, therefore, the devil has lost his power over me.

(To be continued.)

REFRESHING DRINKS.

Apple Drink.

Put a gallon of fresh water on to boil; cut up a pound of apples in the water, and boil them until they can be pulped; pass the liquor through a colander; boil it up again with half-a-pound of brown sugar, and bottle for use, taking care NOT to cork the bottle, and keep in a cool place; the apples may be eaten with sugar.

Apple Barley-Water.

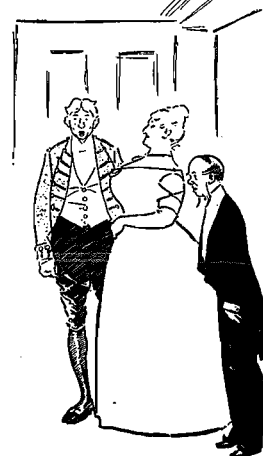
A quarter of a pound of pearl barley added to the above, and boiled for one hour, makes a nice drink for invalids.

Apple Rice-Water.

Half-a-pound of rice, boiled in the apple until in pulp, passed through a colander, and milk added.

All kinds of fruit may be done in the same way. Figs and French plums are excellent; also raisins.

A little ginger, if approved, may be used.



At the Smiff's Reception Party.

Enter "MRS." and Mr. Snodgrass. Mrs. Snodgrass has just read a War Cry, which the cook, an Army soldier, gave him. His mind so absorbed that he can think of nothing else. Announces to the astonishment of the other guests, that he has just read the arrival of "Mr. and Mrs. War Cry."

Lieut. Morris, Revelstoke	75
Sister Davidson, New Westminster ..	65
Capt. Scott, Spokane	57
Eusign Ziebart, New Westminster ..	50
Capt. Beaumont, Livingston	55
Capt. Perrenon, Nanaimo	54
Capt. Ziebart, Kallispell	52
Capt. Thoen, Spokane	52
Capt. Bailey, Missoula	51
Capt. Quast, Trail	50
Bro. Walpole, Kelowna	50
Lieut. Ziebart, Kallispell	40
Lieut. Carstens, Wallace	48
Lieut. Floyd, Missoula	45
Lieut. Leung, Kelowna	45
Lieut. I. Galt, Bozeman	42
Sister Powell, New Whatcom	41
Capt. Krell, Nanaimo	39
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	35
Sister Henry, New Whatcom	32
Capt. Sheard, Wallace	30
Lieut. Jones, Mt. Vernon	28
Sergt. Glen, Hoken	28
Capt. Lacey, New Whatcom	27
Eusign Silver, Kelowna	27
Capt. Miller, Sheridan	25
Sister Carter, Butte	25
Sister Wallender, Roseland	25
Sister Adams, Roseland	25
Sister Mann, Vancouver	25
Lieut. R. Galt, Belt	23
Capt. Southall, Bozeman	22
Capt. Meredith, Belt	20
Bro. Smith, Roseland	20
Lieut. Graevett, Sheridan	20
Sister White, Nanaimo	20
Capt. Bonnetto, Spokane	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

43 Hussiers.

CADET POTTER, Winnipeg	150
Lieut. Llyod, Fort William	138
Capt. Hurst, Jamestown	90
Mrs. Capt. Knudson, Winipeg	75
Lieut. Blodgett, Calgary	70
Eusign Dean, Calgary	70
Lieut. Russell, Prince Albert	68
Lieut. Clark, Laramie	68
Mrs. Bergan, Grafton	65
Madge Burness, Brandon	58
Lieut. Hanson, Edmonton	51
Capt. Hankirk, Fort Arthur	51
CADET McLEOD, Winnipeg	51
Capt. Brander, Morden	48
Lieut. Wick, Lethbridge	48
Lieut. Woodworth, Moosomin	46
Capt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	45
Sarah Crosswell, Valley City	40
Frank Rodgers, Regina	38
Sergt. Bergum, Grafton	36
Sergt. S. Chapman, Winnipeg	35
Lieut. Bland, Missoula	35
Capt. Stokes, Carberry	35
Lieut. Askin, Virden	34
Capt. Cromarty, Oakes	34
Capt. Pearce, Edmonton	33
Capt. Fliers, Regina	33
Capt. Malton, Valley City	30
Lieut. Emberton, Emerson	30
Cand. Nuttall, Portage la Prairie ..	30
Sister Cusler, Portage la Prairie ..	28
Mrs. Cusler, Portage la Prairie ..	26
Lieut. Wilcox, Morden	26
Mrs. Taylor, Selkirk	25
Lieut. N. Anderson, Oakes	24
Lieut. Forsberg, Regina	24
Capt. Campbell, Grafton	21
Sergt. Penfold, Winnipeg	20
Sergt. Johnson, Winnipeg	20
Sergt. Johnson, Bismarck	20
Capt. Myers, Mtnot	20
Lieut. Leawick, Mtnot	20
Capt. Mercer, Lisbou	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

9 Hussiers.

Sergt. Liston, St. Johns I.	50
Capt. M. Harris, St. Johns I.	50
Capt. W. Hendon, St. Johns I.	50
CADET W. Webster, St. Johns I.	50
CADET FOLLETT, St. Johns I.	50
Capt. Mercer, Glenview I.	35
Capt. Cusler, St. Johns I.	30
Sergt. P. Thistle, St. Johns I.	20
Sergt. Childs, St. Johns I.	20

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

Adj. McGill, of the Salvation Army, has six men engaged in cutting firewood on the hill opposite Dawson, and hauling it into the city for sale. This is one way in which he provides for unemployed men, and philanthropic people can assist him in the work by giving him orders for wood. It is all cut into stove length and split ready for burning. The captain has had excellent success with his employment bureau scheme, instituted a few weeks ago, 80 applications for employment have been received by him, and he has found places for 34, the last one getting a good position on Sulphur.

—From the Klondike Nugget.

